I can't be your friend, can't be your lover

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by hannibalsbirthdaycake

Summary

While pursuing a killer who chooses victims in pairs, Hannibal and Will end up abducted by him. The killer gives them the option to fuck or die.

Hannibal is decidedly less torn up about it than Will is, but it's still not consensual on either end.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The Game

Hannibal and Will had been chasing a serial killer who abducts college aged kids and forces them to participate in games, allowing the victor to go free. And technically, the killer doesn't get his hands dirty. He leaves the killing to his victims. Jack was indisposed in court, leaving Will and Hannibal to work the case on their own today. Will made the split second decision to give chase to the suspect when they located his home and found that he was actually there. The man took off once he realized the FBI was there, and Will followed closely behind and Hannibal not far from him.

The man turns a corner and when Will follows, he's nowhere to be seen. Will turns around, seeing Hannibal turning the corner as well. Both out of breath, they feel defeated, having lost the suspect. The heavy weight in Will's gut tells him if the man abducts anyone else and they end up dead, he will have the blood on his hands. Standing together in the alley, they decide to go back to the house and scope it out, seeing if they can find any clues.

Before they can exit the alley they've found themselves in, Will feels a prick in his neck, turns to face Hannibal and immediately falls to the ground. He reaches up in a futile attempt to remove the tranquilizer that's embedded itself in the flesh of his neck, but his hand falls uselessly to the ground and he loses consciousness. Hannibal has been equally incapacitated, falling unconscious next to Will.

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When they wake in a room, they're alone. And they stay that way for some time—it is difficult to tell how much time has passed when the room is illuminated only by a harsh fluorescent light. The buzzing the light makes is the first thing Will hears when he awakens.

Will then notices he is wearing a heavy metal collar with an equally heavy chain attached to the wall of the windowless room they are currently being held in. Hannibal is chained by an ankle restraint and has more freedom to move around the room. They're close to each other, so close they can touch—not that they would particularly want to. Will considers Hannibal a professional acquaintance, not a friend or anything more.

Hannibal notices how cold the room is. He is not shivering, but it appears Will is. He muses to himself that they may need to scoot closer together to keep warm, but silently reminds himself this is potentially a life or death situation.

Will has a splitting headache, likely from the tranquilizer. Knowing what he knows about tranquilizers, he guesses they've been here for a couple hours but there's no way to know for sure.

"How long were you awake before I woke up?" Will asks, breaking the silence.

"No more than a few minutes," Hannibal answers. "We need to get out of here."

“Not really feeling the ambiance of this room, huh?” Will retorts. *Of course they need to get out of here,* he thinks with an eye roll.

Will watches as Hannibal inspects the cuff around his ankle, looking for weak points. He finds none. The cuff is in good shape and free of rust, scratches, or cracks. Will can’t see his collar to inspect the same way, but he imagines it most likely looks similar. The color is smooth and solid against his hands. He can feel the cool metal begin to chafe the skin around his neck and it gets more uncomfortable by the minute.

“Why’d you get the ankle cuff and I’m in a—in a *collar*?” Will asks, futilely pulling at the chain attached to the wall.

“You do look quite good in a collar.” Hannibal points out, cheekily.

Will flushes at that. “Now is not the time for you to compliment my attire.”

Hannibal is making jokes, but truthfully he is afraid. Fear is not something he’s accustomed to feeling, not since he was a young child. He’s always calm and level headed, never letting his emotions sway him. He worries he won’t be able to say that the longer this ordeal lasts. He is meticulous in preparing for every situation he finds himself in, but this one was wholly unexpected. He hadn’t considered that they’d find who they were looking for and give chase, so now they’re stuck in a room, chained to the wall.

He kills indiscriminately, showing little regard for human life but the same cannot be said for his own life. He values it, and doesn’t want to lose it. He briefly considers how hypocritical he is by valuing his life over so many others, who perhaps are good people just having a bad day when he decides to kill them for their rudeness.

Knowing what they know about this killer, they’ll at some point be required to participate in his games. The most recent death involved a woman who’d been murdered by a blow to the head with an ax. This killer livestreams his games in exclusive chatrooms that patrons have to pay to enter, and thus far have been impossible to trace.

Others have been killed in what seem to be medieval ways. One was quartered, probably not by horses, but by machinery. Another victim was killed by burning to death in a bronze bull. The idea is that one victim survives, and while they’ve found the dead ones, few of the living ones have ever come forward. It’s likely they were paid for their participation, but the FBI has been unable to prove that.

Will, going through the case notes in his memory, gets more nervous at what the man might have in store for them. He looks around the almost entirely barren room, seeing a bucket and the the tattered blanket they each woke up on. There are two cameras in the corners of the room and what appears to be an intercom system. The door to their room is a solid steel door, there’s no way they’d be able to break it down even if they somehow managed to get free of the chains.

“Special Agent Will Graham and Doctor Hannibal Lecter,” a disembodied voice says over the intercom. “I hadn’t planned to have an FBI special agent and a psychiatrist participating in my games, but here we are! There are a lot of exciting people watching you.”

Will almost asks why they are there, but he knows the answer. They weren't the man's intended targets, but became his targets when they found him. He's taken them to keep himself out of trouble. It's likely he won't let either of them live, since they've seen his face. Will hopes, prays even, that Jack will find them before it's too late.

"Are you ready for your first game?" The voice asks. "I've let the audience decide what we do first and their requests are quite interesting!"

They share looks with one another, *no they aren't ready.* But it's a rhetorical question. They'll need to play along if they intend to stay alive long enough to be rescued. Will does his best to stay in the present, to hear the voice's demands, but he finds himself trying to retreat into his own mind.

"Will," Hannibal calls out. "Focus." He begins to reach for Will, but decides against it and drops his hand.

"You guys would make a cute couple, don't you think?" The voice comments.

Will hears that and looks at Hannibal in confusion. Hannibal looks decidedly less confused. Hannibal has considered the idea of being in a relationship with Will, spending time together and cultivating the darkness that he knows could grow inside Will. Hannibal is no stranger to having male partners, and values his partners for how much they can entertain him. Though Will isn't his partner, he has entertained Hannibal more than any other.

Will considers himself straight. Though he hasn't slept with many women in his 32 years, and he doesn't really mind it. His lack of sexual prowess might be seen as a flaw to some, but he can't find it in himself to be bothered. With his work and his dogs, he doesn't find much time to pursue relationships. He does like Alana, but she sees him as too unstable to be in a relationship with, especially after he was almost framed for murders. He values her friendship regardless and won't let it be ruined by his romantic overtures.

Will doesn't like Hannibal. Not in a sexual way, at least. He pretends to dislike the man, but he *does* find him interesting. He is hesitant to admit it, though. Hannibal tried to psychoanalyze him during their first meeting and that makes Will squirm. As he's said more than once, nobody will like him when he's psychoanalyzed. Getting inside his head is a sure way for anyone to lose interest in him, Hannibal included, he thinks. It is curious that the psychiatrist has been inside his head a great deal and yet he sticks around.

"Usually what I set up at this point is far… bloodier, but this will be fun anyway." The voice says. "Then we can get to the bloody stuff." The voice laughs.

"Dr. Lecter, I want you to fuck our dear William here." The voice finally commands. "Fuck him, hard."

"What?!" Will squeaks, looking over at Hannibal with wide eyes. At least he looks disturbed now. "I'm not… gay."

Hannibal almost smirks at that. Will might not be gay but he's not straight either, anyone who knows the man at all can tell, even if Will himself isn't sure. He clocked Will almost

immediately with the way his demeanor changes in Hannibal's presence. His pupils dilate ever so slightly and Hannibal's sharp sense of smell can pick up on the scent of Will's arousal, though none of that is present right now. Now, the only scent in the air is fear.

"I don't care." The voice says. "You either do this, or my men come in there and dismember you both slowly. You won't die right away, you will live to see another day but all you'll feel is agony."

"You may begin."

At that, Hannibal gets closer to Will, his face twisted in displeasure.

"Unfortunately, I don't see a way out of this, Will." Hannibal says, voice almost a whisper. Sure, he'd like to fuck Will, but not like *this*. He will not enjoy this, he'll detach himself from the situation. This act is just a means to an end. That's all.

Will can feel tears welling up in his eyes when he nods his agreement. "I don't—I don't know what to do." He admits.

Will has never had sex with a man, had never even given it much thought aside from the occasional fantasy. Hell, he's never even fingered himself.

"Just lie back and try to relax." Hannibal instructs. "Have you done this before?"

"No." Will admits, a blush creeping up his neck and coloring his cheeks.

Will then attempts to do as he is told, though he is trembling and so far from relaxed. He's utterly terrified. He watches Hannibal's hands undo his belt and the button on his slacks. He notices the man lacks the surgical precision he usually possesses, his hands shaking a little. When Hannibal hooks his thumbs into Will's slacks and begins to pull them down, Will panics.

"No, no, no! I can't—I can't do this!" He whines, backing away. He hugs his knees and his breaths come in pants. His eyes impossibly wide as he stares at Hannibal, silently pleading with him not to do this.

Before Hannibal can even attempt to soothe the younger man, they are interrupted by two masked men who enter the room. Reminding them of the ever present threat of dismemberment. Will has backed himself into the corner, his face hidden behind his knees. One of the men approach him, grabbing him by the arm and throwing him forcefully into the middle of the room, pulling uncomfortably on the collar around his neck.

The intercom comes to life once more, "Dr. Lecter, if you do not do as you are told, your friend dies right here. And you will be slowly dismembered."

Hannibal nods his understanding. He'd hoped Will would keep his cool about this, but it doesn't seem like he can. Almost imperceptibly, only heard by Will, he whispers an apology and approaches Will once more. He gets up and straddles Will, pinning him down. Once Will is beneath Hannibal, the men leave the room.

“I have to do this, or we both *die*.” Hannibal stresses. Will continues to try and push him off, but Hannibal is bigger and stronger than Will. “I’m sorry.”

Hannibal pulls Will’s pants down his legs and throws them to the side, lacking the gentleness he was employing earlier, for fear the men will kill Will if they don’t make progress. The collar on Will’s neck prevents Hannibal from removing his shirt, but that’s fine. He doesn’t need to undress Will completely to fuck the man. Hannibal also can’t remove his pants entirely due to the cuff on his ankle, but he can easily slide the pants down past his hips to free his cock, though he waits to do that.

With Will’s lower half undressed, Hannibal places his fingers in his mouth, coating them as much as he can with saliva before probing at Will’s ass, and slowly inserting a finger inside. Will hisses in pain at the intrusion, but he doesn’t move. He knows he can’t escape Hannibal and he can’t escape this room. He feels hopeless, he thinks for a moment that he might prefer to be killed rather than to endure this.

Hannibal struggles to get a second finger into Will. The man is impossibly tight and clearly can’t relax himself, so the ring of muscle keeps tensing against Hannibal’s fingers, trying to force the intrusion out. Will’s whimpers continue, and he is sobbing, but still not moving. Hannibal eventually gets a third finger in and starts scissoring Will open. He can’t help but look at Will’s uninterested, unerect cock lying on his stomach. He briefly wonders if he should try to find the man’s prostate, but he’s not sure if that would actually make Will feel better about the situation.

Hannibal is feeling many foreign emotions today, now adding guilt to the pile. This is Will’s first time having anal sex and it’s a life or death situation. Will is struggling against him, and Hannibal wonders if Will will ever be able to move past this trauma, given they survive this ordeal.

He continues opening Will up, finally feeling the tight ring of muscle relax a little bit and unintentionally brushes the man’s prostate and he knows it because Will’s whimpers melt into a shocked gasp, his cock twitching in interest without his consent.

“I don’t—I don’t want to enjoy this, Hannibal.” Will whispers, pleading. Hannibal can understand that. Many… rape victims feel disgust and shame at themselves if their bodies respond positively to the assault. He doesn’t like to think of what he’s doing as rape. He doesn’t want to be doing this, either.

Though his fingers are buried inside Will, his own cock is not at all interested in what’s going on. He eventually forces himself to take his cock out of his pants and begins to stroke it, willing it to get hard. He doesn’t want Will to die because he can’t fucking *get it up*. The thought must have worked because he soon has a full erection. He spits into his hand, coating his cock in the saliva as much as he can before lining himself up with Will’s hole.

“This game will be complete once you orgasm, and both of you will live to see another day.” The voice says, as if reading Hannibal’s mind. He’d hoped they wouldn’t draw it out like that, but he’s found he has no luck today. Will groans in pain when Hannibal’s cock begins penetrating him. Hannibal did what he could to open the man up, but since this is likely the first time Will has had anything at all in his ass, it isn’t going to feel good.

Will is in agony, psychologically and physiologically speaking. He's being violated, stripped bear, burrowed into in a way that he will never be rid of. If they survive this, he will never be able to look at Hannibal again. He cries out when Hannibal fully seats himself inside. It's too much and the pain is blinding, causing spots to appear in his vision. Will unconsciously tries to squirm away, causing Hannibal to pin his wrists above his head. Will tries to get free, but Hannibal is just too strong. Hannibal's hand grips Will's wrists with a force that's sure to cause a bruise, but if he loosens the grip he knows Will would try to free himself.

Will continues sobbing, fat tears rolling down his cheeks and soaking into the blanket he's lying on. Hannibal begins to pick up the pace, thrusting harder into Will. Will is tight, so tight. It feels like a vice-grip on Hannibal's cock and he feels sick to admit that it feels very pleasurable. It doesn't take as long as Hannibal thought it would to feel his orgasm building. He doesn't do anything to try and hold back and prolong the sex, he lets it wash over him as soon as it can. And he's cumming hard, ejaculating into Will. By the time it's over, he is sweating, his hair falling damp on his forehead. He gingerly pulls out of Will, who hisses in pain, tears drying on his cheeks. His cock thankfully lying limp and uninterested. He couldn't deal with that embarrassment, too.

Hannibal stops to look at Will's abused hole and to see his cum leaking out, it's tinged pink with blood and there's blood on his cock as well. He'd done what he could to prepare Will, but saliva isn't enough to actually lubricate anything. As it is, it just makes him hate himself. He can only imagine how Will must feel if even he feels violated.

"That was exciting, wasn't it?" The voice asks over the intercom. Will turns onto his side, facing away from Hannibal and curls in on himself. Hannibal can see him shivering and he wants more than anything to go over and comfort him. Unfortunately, Hannibal is why he needs comforting.

The men enter the room once again, both approaching Will. One grabs his arms, though Will doesn't struggle. He doesn't have it in him to fight anymore. The other man settles himself between Will's legs, and for a moment, Hannibal thinks the man is going to fuck him, but he doesn't. He uses a gloved finger to swipe at Will's asshole, collecting the mixture of blood and semen oozing out. He holds the finger up toward the camera, for what Hannibal assumes is proof they'd completed the challenge. Without a word, the men leave as quickly as they entered.

"I—I don't blame you, you know." Will finally says, voice hoarse from crying. "Jus' can't look at you right now,"

"I understand." Hannibal says, and he does. It doesn't mean he has to like it.

"We can't leave William hanging, can we?" The voice chides.

"What do you want now?" Hannibal responds, clearly annoyed.

"Blow him." The voice instructs.

Will is lying on his side, still undressed from the waist down. Hannibal doesn't think Will has heard what he has to do now, but nonetheless he reaches out for Will and turns him so he's on

his back. Will hisses at the pain of being on his ass and looks up at Hannibal with glassy eyes. He nods his understanding and doesn't fight against Hannibal's hands.

"I know you don't want to enjoy this, but you… have to." Hannibal begins. "I care too much about your life to let you die because I don't do this."

Will squeezes his eyes closed and tries to imagine it's just himself, his hand. But the heat of Hannibal's mouth shatters his illusion. He opens his eyes and looks down at Hannibal's head sinking down on his soft cock. It only takes a moment for his cock to harden and Hannibal begins sucking in ernest, doing his best to bring Will to orgasm quickly. Will begins to moan, this time not in pain, but in pleasure. He can feel his hips moving of their own accord to try and get further into Hannibal's mouth. Not soon enough, he finally orgasms, cumming hot down Hannibal's throat. Hannibal silently dresses Will as best he can and leaves him to lie on his side.

Will isn't sure how much time has passed, but he hasn't slept. He's been curled up on his side for what feels like hours. Hannibal watches the man lie there, his pants still unbuttoned and just barely above his ass. He is concerned that he's injured Will and that he could get an infection if it isn't treated properly, but there's not much he can do about it right now.

At least he's still alive, Hannibal thinks. He watches Will shiver, likely not from being cold, but from pain. When Will begins groaning and thrashing about, Hannibal moves closer to him and places what he intended to be a calming hand on his shoulder. In a panic, Will kicks out at Hannibal, hitting him in the face and knocking him backwards.

"Shit, I'm sorry!" Will exclaims, fully aware now.

"It's quite alright. I believe I deserve far worse." Hannibal responds.

"But you don't. You didn't do anything wrong." Will says, disbelieving the fact he's comforting Hannibal right now. He grabs his pants and pulls them up all the way and buttoning them, feeling marginally better at being covered once more.

"The alternative would have been to let you and I die. There was no other choice." Will says, crawling closer to Hannibal.

Will craves touch, to be comforted, but he doesn't know how to ask. He knows Hannibal didn't want to hurt him. As if Hannibal can read his mind, he extends his arm in invitation. Will takes it, curling himself against Hannibal's side. Will's rapidly beating heart slows, feeling himself being pulled tightly against the warmth of Hannibal's side. Feeling the man next to him like this is like a balm for his wounds.

"I know it wasn't you who is responsible for this, but I see *your* face when I close my eyes. I'm not sure what to do about that." Will murmurs into the man's side.

Hannibal isn't sure either. This is not something he's ever dealt with in his personal or professional life. He, for the first time, is at a total loss. They hold each other close, though. For a moment forgetting they're currently fighting for their lives. As Hannibal's eyelids get heavy and he feels sleep approaching him, he hears a bang, and then another. There are guns

being fired nearby. He hears footsteps running down the hallway outside, and shouting. Will awakens as well.

“Is that… Jack?” Will asks in surprise.

As if hearing the conversation, Jack opens the door. They’ve been rescued. They’re not going to die today. Will feels some relief wash over him, but he knows he won’t ever be able to leave this experience in the past. He’ll leave this room, but will he ever be able to let go of what happened inside? His anxiety peaks then, and he feels himself becoming faint. He numbly feels a police officer removing the collar around his neck, it’s the last thing he feels before he allows unconsciousness to take him.

“He needs to go to the hospital,” Hannibal says, watching Will fall unconscious. “He… he had it much worse than I did.”

Once Hannibal’s ankle is freed, he stands and exits the room, following the stretcher Will was taken away on to the ambulance outside. He’s surprised to find they were in someone’s basement. With the way the room was setup, he’d thought they’d be in something more… sinister, like some kind of an underground bunker. He sighs in relief to see the man they’d chased and his men handcuffed and loaded in an armored police van. Though, he’d almost prefer to have killed the man himself. He wonders if the man being arrested is behind the voice that forced them to have sex.

He jumps into the ambulance with Will, stating that he’s a doctor. The EMTs don’t argue with him and he sits next to Will on the stretcher. Will isn’t gravely injured, but Hannibal finds himself worried nonetheless. He’s not sure how to tell the doctors what happened to Will, so he doesn’t say anything. If Will wants to tell them what happened, he can.

Once at the hospital, Will is more awake and alert having been given fluids in the ambulance. He’s fine, physically, and Hannibal may have overreacted. His eyes are glassy and while he is somewhat alert, it’s obvious he’s still retreated inside himself. Will tells them he doesn’t need to be admitted and that he’d just like to go home. He leaves out the rape and the potential tearing that resulted, hoping it will heal without medical intervention. The doctors have no reason to stop him from leaving, so they let him go.

Will doesn’t tell anyone what happened while they were chained up in that room together, but he feels like he needs to. Hannibal offers to drive him home, but Will declines. Instead, he accepts the offer from Jack. He just needs some time away from Hannibal, he can’t look at the man right now.

“So, what happened when you guys were taken?” Jack finally asks. Will knows he’s been dying to know. “You looked pretty shaken up when we found you.”

“We were drugged and chained up in a basement, I think that would shake anyone.” Will responds.

“Fair. Hannibal mentioned that something happened, but he wouldn’t tell me what. He said it was your experience to share.”

“It was as much his as it was mine. I don’t know why he thinks I would be more effected than him.” Will sighs.

“The guy who caught us put us in that room and left us there for what felt like hours. Then, he wanted us to participate in his *games*. I was expecting something bloody, something one—or both of us would not survive, like his other victims but he had something else in mind for us.” Will begins. “He made us… *have sex*.”

“And you didn’t want to do that?” Jack asks, immediately realizing it was a stupid question, even if he suspected they had feelings for one another.

“Of course not! I’ve never been…,” Will pauses, “like that, until today I guess.” He squirms in his seat, horribly uncomfortable talking about it, especially with someone like Jack.

“And Hannibal?” Jack asks.

“He didn’t want to do it, either. But they told him they’d kill me unless he did.” Will says. “I think I’d have rather they just killed me. I’m never going to be able to look at Hannibal again.”

“Don’t say that, Will. You’ll get through this. This wasn’t your fault, or Hannibal’s.” Jack reminds him.

“I know. But it was still Hannibal who *pinned me down* and forced me to go along with it.” Will spits. Yes, he’s angry with Hannibal.

“He did it to save your life, Will.” Jack says once they pull into Will’s driveway. The words sound more like an admonishment than reassurance to Will.

“I know.” He responds, getting out of the SUV. He just wants to go inside and sleep for a few years.

Aftermath

Chapter Summary

> Will deals with the trauma the best way he knows how: drinking and drunk dialing Hannibal.
>
> TW: suicidal thoughts in this chapter

Will takes a few days off work to heal, though he really isn't physically injured aside from tearing in his ass. He has to hand it to Hannibal, he definitely did all he could to make it less painful. He laughs bitterly at the thought.

Alana stops by the day before Will is set to go back to work. She arrives early in the morning, with Applesauce in tow. Will's dogs are excited to see their friend and they bound off into the field playing.

"How are you?" Alana asks in her soft, therapist voice like he's a fragile little teacup.

"Honestly, I'm sick of people asking me that." Will admits. His tone a bit more aggressive than he intended. He knows Alana means well.

"I know. It's just that this trauma you've experienced is a big one. I just want to know that you're okay." She says.

"Did Jack tell you?" Will asks, voice cracking.

"Yeah, but he didn't have to. People know. They've seen the video." She says, even more gently.

"Oh, god. The—the video of Hannibal and I?" Will had all but forgotten about it being filmed.

"Yes." She confirms. "Freddie Lounds got ahold of a copy somehow. She posted it on Tattle Crime. She isn't saying how she got it, but Jack thinks someone in the FBI leaked it."

Alana stays over for a while, they curl up together in front of the fireplace. Will appreciates the contact, but he also knows she is doing this out of pity for him. She's said herself that he's just too unstable to be in a relationship with. He can't imagine what she must think of him now.

By the time the next morning rolls around, Alana is long gone and Will is left to get ready for work by himself. He has some classes to teach today and then he plans to come home. Jack

had told him they don't currently have any cases that require his help, but he thinks they probably do. They just don't want to break him further.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he looks normal. You can't tell anything has happened to him aside from the irritation on his neck and bruising on his wrists, but that is hidden by his sweater. On the inside, he feels wounded. Like his entire body is a bruise. Anything has the ability to hurt him right now and he knows it. His nerves are frayed and his emotions swing rapidly from numbness, to anger, and to sadness. Done with his self loathing for the time being, he plasters on a carefully neutral expression and heads out the door.

As he's walking the halls of the academy, he hears muttering and whispering. They're talking about him and he knows it. Some students aren't shy in the way they stare at him. Other instructors watch him as well. He wants to scream at them, but he can't so he pretends not to notice.

As he's teaching his first class of the day, a student in the back calls out, "I can't believe your therapist fucked you and videoed it!". Most of the class laughs, and Will just stares.

"Get out of my classroom!" He finally demands.

The student gets up immediately, mumbling about how they don't want to be in a class taught by someone like him. He wonders briefly what they mean. What could he have done differently given the situation? He reminds himself these people are young adults and they say dumb shit without thinking. He didn't do anything wrong, and yet their words stay lodged in his head, like salt in the still fresh wound.

After he's done with classes for the day, he leaves and goes to a bar. It's barely 2 o'clock and the bar he chooses is pretty much empty. He just wants to get drunk and forget his problems for an evening. He gets drunk quickly, downing several shots of vodka but he doesn't forget his problems. Instead, he drunk dials Hannibal.

"Will?" Hannibal answers almost immediately.

"Why'd you—why'd you fuck me? I'd rather have let them—them kill me." Will slurs. It probably wouldn't be true if there hadn't been video of the assault, but there is and *everyone* has seen it.

"Everyone thinks I'm a whore who was fucked by his therapist." Will laments. "Everybody knows what happened. There's a video!"

"I know, Will." Hannibal replies evenly. *"Where are you? Let me drive you home."*

Will deliberates briefly, but his drunken state doesn't allow for complex thought, so he just agrees and mumbles out the address. Hannibal says he'll be there in 30 minutes, so Will waits outside, sitting on the curb.

"You're the guy from that video!" Someone calls out to Will. "Best video I've seen in a long time." The man whistles, walking away. Will is too drunk to respond, so he just rests his head in his hands.

Hannibal pulls up to the curb 20 minutes later. Will thinks drunkenly he must've sped to arrive so quickly. The psychiatrist gets out of his Bentley and walks toward Will, who looks up, making brief eye contact before staring down at the sidewalk once more.

Will internally cringes when Hannibal's hand touches his bicep to help him stand. The touch stings, making his skin feel too tight. All the thoughts that swirl in Will's mind are especially muddled in his drunken state, but he does know he feels both touch starved and touched too much. A state of being in which he is two different things at the same time and it makes him want to scream.

He wants to push himself into Hannibal's side and feel his body heat leech into his cold body. He's been cold since it happened, a chill felt deep into his bones. It doesn't matter how many layers he wears or hot showers he takes, he's still cold inside, like he's suffering from emotional hypothermia. Unaware that his teeth are chattering, he is startled when Hannibal sheds his coat and drapes it over his shoulders.

Will doesn't speak once they're in the car, and he says nothing when he realizes Hannibal isn't taking him home to Wolf Trap, but to his upscale Baltimore home. He's too drunk and exhausted to argue so he just stays silent, head resting against the cool window and falls into a slumber.

"We're here," Hannibal says, gently nudging Will's arm.

Will awakens with a groan, not feeling any better having only slept for a few minutes. He opens his door and Hannibal is coming around the car to help him out, quietly saying he doesn't want to have to clean up a mess if Will falls and cracks his skull in Hannibal's garage. Will grunts but accepts Hannibal's outstretched arm.

He stumbles a few times getting inside and sighs when Hannibal finally leads him into the bedroom and places him on the impossibly soft sheets. In his haze, he's barely aware of Hannibal slipping off his shoes and undoing his belt. If he'd been aware, this would have probably cause him to panic, but as he is, he doesn't even care. By the time Hannibal pulls his slacks down his legs, Will is out cold.

Hannibal undresses him as best as he can and redresses him in a T-shirt and soft, cotton pajama pants. They're Hannibal's so they're loose on Will, but it doesn't matter since he will only be sleeping in them. Hannibal pulls the blanket on over Will and watches the man's face for a moment. He looks young when he sleeps, like the trauma over the years hasn't aged him a day. The pronounced circles under his eyes tell Hannibal he hasn't been sleeping well, and he makes the decision to give him a sedative. Nothing too potent, but enough to keep him asleep through the evening.

When the sun goes down, Hannibal readies himself for bed. He only hesitates for a moment before sliding in under the covers next to Will. The younger man doesn't wake, but he does move himself closer to Hannibal's body, seeking out the warmth of another person. Hannibal sleepily thinks this might look bad to Will when he wakes up, but he's too tired to care.

Hannibal realizes he should have cared when Will wakes up with a yelp and falls out of bed in his panic, landing hard on his tailbone. Hannibal is alert immediately, having always been

a light sleeper.

“Will, calm down. What do you remember?” Hannibal asks, rounding the bed to kneel in front of him on the floor.

Will remembers going to the bar and drinking. He remembers calling Hannibal and he remembers the man who had spoken to him while he wanted. He thinks he might remember being placed into bed, but he’s not sure. He pales when Hannibal informs him what happened.

“You undressed me, put me in your bed, and gave me a sedative?” Will growls. “How did you think I would take that?!”

“I admit, I didn’t put much thought into it. I just wanted to make sure you were safe.”

“You… didn’t have to sedate me.” Will says pathetically, crossing his arms and resting them on his knees.

“I could tell you haven’t been sleeping. I was worried for your health. Sleep deprivation can have monumental consequences.” Hannibal says, and it’s not a lie. He only gave the sedative to help Will. “How are you feeling?”

“Better,” Will replies, truthfully. He’d needed sleep, he’s just upset that it had to be drug-induced. “When I woke up… beside you, in your *bed*… I didn’t know what had happened.”

“I assure you, nothing happened between us. I was only trying to take care of you.”

“I don’t-I don’t need you to take care of me.” Will stammers.

“I think you do, and I think you need to take some time off work. You’ve suffered a great trauma.”

“No… no, I’m *fine*.” Will argues, but he is definitely not fine.

“Have you been drinking more since it happened?” Hannibal asks, trying to help Will to his feet. But he pulls away and stands up on his own.

“Yes.” Will admits, knowing he would be unable to lie to Hannibal in the moment.

Will doesn’t stick around to talk to Hannibal any further about his drinking problem, he grabs his belongings and storms out of the house, walking down the street before calling a cab. To his surprise, Hannibal doesn’t follow him. Sitting on a bench, he waits for his ride to arrive.

He gets home and decides he needs to cut contact with Hannibal. Seeing the psychiatrist will only work to remind him of the trauma and he wants to forget. He wants to forget how Hannibal’s hands grabbed him, pulled him close, how they opened him up and hurt him. He wants to forget how it’s all his fault, he shouldn’t have given chase to their suspect. He should have waited.

He's angry, fuck he's angry. At Hannibal, at himself, at the fucked up people who paid to watch it happen, he's so angry.

In his anger, he picks up the dirty glass plate on his kitchen table and throws it against the wall, relishing the sound of the glass plate shattering and hitting the floor. He feels marginally better but it is short lived, picking up the shards of glass, he feels the weight of it in his hand and wonders how easy it would be to sever his radial artery and slowly bleed out.

How nice it would be to wade into the quiet of the stream one last time, to feel the slow, sure embrace of nothingness take hold of him. No longer having a care in the world, no longer being *part* of the world. He imagines what it would be like in the moments before death takes him. Would it be scary? Or would it feel like an overwhelming sense of calm? Would his last emotion be regret, or something more joyful?

In his teens, he often considered suicide, but then he was too afraid to do it. Now, he feels more courageous. He's surrounded by death no matter where he goes in life, his job deals with serial killers, he's been to countless crime scenes and stared into the glassy eyes of the victims. He's seen death and decay in every possible stage. He's even watched as the life left Abigail Hobbs' body. And now, he feels like he's watched himself die. Not on the outside—on the outside, he's still breathing, his heart's still beating, but he's empty inside. He feels as if he's been metaphorically gutted, and he's been bleeding out slowly ever since.

He's gripping a shard of the broken plate so tightly, it's cut his palm open and blood is leaking sluggishly from the wound and dripping onto the kitchen floor. He realizes what he's done and drops the glass, deciding now is not the time to end his life. He has to get revenge on those who have already killed him before he dies in the physical sense. Then, he will be free to do as he pleases.

With a tentative plan in place, he bandages his hand up and calls Jack and the academy informing them of his leave of absence, effective starting today. What they don't know is he never plans to come back. He doesn't have it in him to feel bad about the plan, but he hopes Jack never finds anyone like him. He was constantly pushing Will to the brink of insanity all in the name of catching serial killers with no regard for Will's wellbeing. If Will doesn't kill himself, he's sure the job would have sooner or later.

Intimacy

Chapter Summary

Will has a nightmare, has sex, and goes to therapy

Will stares up at his ceiling that night, thinking about Hannibal. He doesn't spiral into a flashback, but he is trying to recall the event with as much clarity as he can. He remembers being shocked by the man's request, and then panicking when Hannibal seemed so willing to go along with it. Of course, at the time and even now, he reminds himself it was literally a 'fuck or die' situation and he *should* be thankful that Hannibal could hold it together long enough to do it.

He doesn't think that Hannibal enjoyed it, but he didn't seem traumatized by it, either. Technically, Hannibal was assaulted too. Being coerced into sexual activity, even if you're not the one being… fucked is still rape. Will cringes at the crassness of his thoughts, but his muddled brain can't provide him with a better descriptor.

At times like these, Will's brain truly feels like the enemy. He'd begun thinking of the incident in a detached way to interpret the evidence, but he falls asleep and it soon becomes too much, and he can feel Hannibal's hands on him again. The collar is still around his neck and he's being fucked into mercilessly. He's in pain, writhing and squirming around on the ground, in a futile attempt to distance himself from the intrusion.

The pain drifts away, though. He's still being fucked, but it feels *good*. He's aware of his cock hardening and leaking precum between their bodies. With every thrust by Hannibal, he feels himself getting closer to orgasm, until he's perched right on the edge. Hannibal thrusts hard into Will, hammering against his prostate once again and Will's orgasm overtakes him, like a wave crashing against the shoreline.

He awakens after that, shooting straight up in bed, drenched in sweat, immediately aware of the stickiness in his boxers. He still feels the tendrils of his orgasm coursing through his limbs and it makes him sick. He reminds himself that didn't actually happen—he didn't actually *enjoy* being raped by Hannibal. He detests the way the mind can twist events into something even worse than they actually were while you're sleeping.

He peels his boxers off his skin and takes a quick shower. He's showered many times since they escaped, and yet he still feels dirty, soiled in a way that he can't clean up. The mornings he's woken up with an erection, a completely normal physiological process, it sends waves of nausea over him. He thinks he may never be able to share intimacy with anyone again, not that it was overly important to him before this.

With the day to himself and not ready to start planning his revenge, he decides to go to the shooting range. Emptying a clip into some targets might help him feel better, at least for a little while. On his way to the range, he decides to call Hannibal to resume his therapy. He'd considered finding a new therapist but Hannibal has a unique understanding of what happened and he won't be asked to recount every minute detail.

Hannibal is relieved to hear from him, and the sound of his voice almost makes Will feel guilty for storming out on him the day before. But he pushes the emotion down, Hannibal doesn't care about him, not as anything more than an acquaintance.

At the shooting range, he empties the first clip and misses every single shot, his hands unsteady. He's noticed a tremor has developed in his hands since the assault. He knows that it's a common occurrence in response to a traumatic event, as well as in sleep deprivation which he is also suffering from.

Will flinches violently when someone taps at his shoulder. He flips the safety on his gun and turns around to see who is trying to get his attention. A woman with blonde hair and a kind smile is looking up at him.

"Are you alright? I couldn't help but notice your hands shaking." She says softly.

"I'm fine… just a little tired." Will lies, though it isn't a total lie. He IS tired.

"The way your hands are shaking… it doesn't look like you're just tired to me."

"It's really none of your concern." Will spits.

The woman's eyes soften further, and she introduces herself as Molly. She invites him to have coffee with her at the nearby Starbucks. He accepts reluctantly, because what's the worst that can happen?

Turns out, Molly has PTSD from an abusive relationship and noticed the signs in Will just from their brief meeting. She doesn't ask him what happened and he's grateful for it. He feels ashamed that he was rude to her when she is genuinely a nice person, with seemingly no ulterior motives.

They chat over coffee and talk about their favorite music and movies. It's easy conversation and not something Will usually participates in, but he finds the change in pace refreshing. He's surprised when she invites him back to her place and he's even more surprised when he accepts.

He wants to forget Hannibal's hands on him, and tries to push Hannibal's face out of his head when Molly kisses him with her soft, plump lips. He kisses back and she moans, pushing against him until he backs into her front door. She snakes her arms around his neck and he lifts her up, taking direction from her to get to the bedroom.

"I hope I'm not being too forward, but you are the most attractive man I've seen in a while," she whispers as he lays her down on the bed.

He doesn't tell her he's really inexperienced, and she doesn't ask. Most of what he knows comes from watching porn and he knows that's not a reliable source for what women like.

He kisses her hard, pushing her shirt up to knead at her breasts. She reaches behind herself to unclasp her bra and throw it off to the side. With her breasts free, Will leans down and takes a nipple in his mouth. The salacious moan she lets out tells him he's doing something right. Once that nipple is pebbled up with arousal he moves to the other one.

He makes his way down her stomach, kissing and licking the soft flesh there, listening to her various moans. He teases her by licking languid strokes over her inner thighs, and breathes against her vulva. He sees that it is engorged with arousal and decides not to tease her further.

He licks up her vulva, then focuses on her clit, gently sucking it and listening to her moans of pleasure. He alternates between sucking and licking until Molly is a shaking mess.

"Please, fuck me!" She demands. He nods, unable to deny her.

She points over to the nightstand where she keeps condoms. He grabs one and strokes himself to hardness, having only been half hard before now. He rolls the condom on and lines himself up with her entrance.

He sinks into her, moaning at the tight, wet heat. She cries out in ecstasy. He sets a steady pace, and uses his finger to massage her clit. It doesn't take long for her to orgasm, and he feels her walls clinch around his cock. He continues fucking her through her orgasm and can feel his own approaching.

When he thinks he might orgasm, he doesn't. Instead, an onslaught of memories wash over him. Hannibal is inside him, splitting him open. He's bleeding and tearing. He audibly whimpers, though he is unaware of it.

Stuck in the flashback, his erection flags and the orgasm he was about to have is gone. He's left with a panic attack and blue balls. He comes to a moment later to a concerned Molly resting her hand on his shoulder.

She offers platitudes, but Will is too embarrassed to stay and talk. He gets dressed quickly and leaves her apartment with a rushed apology. Once he's in his car, driving down the road, he realizes he didn't even get her number. Though, he doesn't think he would even want to see her again after this.

He only has about an hour before his therapy appointment with Hannibal, so he makes his way to Baltimore and arrives at the office with a few minutes to spare. Sitting down in the waiting area, he watches the door open and sees Margot Verger walk out. She winks at him seductively and he wonders what it is about him today that's making women drawn to him.

"Will, good to see you," Hannibal says once Margot is gone.

Will nods jerkily in greeting and walks into Hannibal's office, making himself comfortable on the chair.

Hannibal catches a whiff of Will as he walks past, and he smells the unmistakable scent of sex on the man. He feels a pang of jealousy at the idea of Will fucking someone else, but he pushes the feeling away, reminding himself they are not a couple, he has no claim on Will. Along with the scent of sex, the scent of frustration and gun powder are also evident on the younger man, leaving Hannibal with more questions than answers.

“How are you feeling, Will?”

“That’s some lazy psychiatry, Doctor Lecter.” Will replies, grimacing.

“So it is, but as soon as you walked in here it was obvious you’re feeling something. Frustration, maybe?” Hannibal asks, playing coy.

Will groans, placing his hands over his face. He *is* frustrated, and he’s angry that Hannibal seems to be able to read him like an open book.

“I am frustrated. But it’s not really a topic I’m keen to discuss with *you*.”

“Is your problem… sexual?” Hannibal asks, leaning forward.

Will sighs, pushing his curls off his forehead and nods. Though, he should give himself a break. It’s been less than a week since the incident (what he’s taken to calling the assault in his head). He probably shouldn’t have gone home with a stranger and had sex with her, but at the time it didn’t seem like a bad idea. He’d thought he could replace the memory of Hannibal’s masculine features with the soft touches of a woman.

“Will, are you with me?” Hannibal questions, after watching the cogs turn in Will’s head for several minutes.

“Uh, yeah. I… slept with a woman I met at the shooting range today.” Will admits, feeling the blush creep up his neck and coloring his cheeks.

“What about it made you frustrated?”

“All I could think about was—was *you*,” Will stresses. “Your hands on me, *inside me*.”

“You said you slept with her, so were you able to get past the unpleasant thoughts?”

“I was. Until I got close to, um, reaching orgasm.” Will answers, voice tapering off into a whisper.

Will’s problem wasn’t the sex itself, it was the fact he felt pleasure from it. It was never a problem before this and he’d never suffered from performance issues the few times he’d had sex. He tells Hannibal how the thoughts hit him, like he was no longer there with the woman but in the room with Hannibal. Once he came to from the flashback, he felt disgusted with himself. The act of intimacy seems as if it will be forever stained for Will, and he’s content enough to just not sleep with anyone again. Though, he knows that’s not a healthy mindset and he needs to address the deeper feelings and Hannibal also tells him as much.

“Aren’t you bothered by what happened?” Will asks, desperate to move to conversation away from his own sexual failure.

“Of course I am. I’ve been having nightmares and I’ve never had nightmares like this.” Hannibal admits.

He’s had nightmares, though he suspects his are different from Will’s nightmares and flashbacks. In his nightmares, he’s fucking Will in his bed and Will is writhing in pleasure underneath him. When Hannibal closes his eyes, the dream changes, instead of having Will underneath him, writhing and moaning in pleasure on the bed, they’re back in the room and Will’s is groaning painfully and attempting to push Hannibal off. The dream goes back and forth between consensual and non-consensual and it leaves Hannibal dizzy when he wakes. He tells Will as much, deciding to be honest since their patient psychiatrist relationship has always been unorthodox, with this situation making it more so.

“Are you… attracted to me, Hannibal?” Will asks, eyes wide.

“I am. I have been for a while.” Hannibal answers honestly, not seeing the point in trying to deny it.

“Did you *want* to fuck me?” Will asks.

Hannibal knows he’s asking about the assault, and he answers, “No, not like that. Never like that.”

Hannibal’s stomach churns in anxiety, feeling as if he’s laid himself bare and Will is painstakingly examining every piece of him. Will’s silence and furrowed brows only work to fuel Hannibal’s anxiety. Will looks up, meeting Hannibal’s eyes. If Hannibal’s nose isn’t mistaken, he thinks he catches a fleeting scent of arousal coming off Will. It is a surprising turn of events, though he’s always known Will was attracted to him, even if Will didn’t know it himself.

“Would you fuck me now, Doctor Lecter?”

Dinner

Chapter Summary

Will works the case, goes to dinner at Hannibal's, and realizes something is off about his psychiatrist.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"No, Will." Hannibal replies, ready to stand his ground. Not because he doesn't want to sleep with the man, but because it would do nothing for Will's recovery. He doubts the man is even physically fully recovered.

Will gets up and crowds Hannibal's space, slotting himself between the older man's legs. Will honest to god *whimpers* when he puts his arms around Hannibal's neck. He kisses Hannibal desperately, vaguely aware of their teeth clattering together clumsily. Hannibal groans into Will's mouth, unable to resist Will's advances for a moment. He can pretend this show of affection is brought on by Will's genuine desire for him, even though he knows it's not.

Will's mind feels like it's *on fire*—not unlike the way it was when he had encephalitis and it feels now as if being fucked is the only thing that might douse the flames. He doesn't think much about the ramifications of his actions, he only feels an aching need. He *needs* to be fucked by Hannibal.

Will's shaking hands clumsily find the buttons on Hannibal's suit and begin to undress him. Hannibal allows the man to take his suit jacket off, but when he gets to his vest, he grips Will's wrists and stops him from going further. He can feel the trembling in Will's hands that ricochet into the rest of the younger man's body. It's obvious that Will is terrified and is likely convinced that forcing himself to do this will make him better.

"Will, *stop*." Hannibal demands, voice low.

Will struggles against the hands on his wrists for a moment longer until he relaxes in Hannibal's grip. Traitorous tears leak from his eyes and he begins sobbing. Hannibal releases his hold on Will's wrists and pulls him into a hug, stroking Will's soft curls in an effort to comfort him.

"Having sex with me isn't going to fix you in the way you think it will." Hannibal says when Will's sobs quiet.

Will knows that now. He curses his brain for convincing him otherwise, even if only for a moment. He feels ashamed for essentially forcing himself on Hannibal, knowing if he'd

relented Will would be no better than the man who forced them to fuck in the first place.

“I think something else would fix me.” Will says.

“What is that?” Hannibal asks.

“Killing the men responsible for this.”

“If I’m not mistaken, the ring leader is in FBI custody. Isn’t that enough?” Hannibal asks, though he knows it is not enough. Not enough for Will or himself.

“No, and how can we be sure he’s the ring leader? How do we know he’s the one behind the voice?”

“Those are valid questions, and I assume with your leave of absence, you haven’t been kept in the loop with the investigation.”

Will nods, and knows now what he needs to do. He has to go back to the FBI and he tells Hannibal as much.

“Are you sure?” Hannibal asks, concern etched on his face. “I’m not certain you are in a good place to be exposing yourself to this case or any other Jack may have you work on.”

“I have to.” Will says, leaving no room for argument.

Hannibal relents, because at the end of the day, he can’t order Will to do anything. He does get Will to agree to seeing him for therapy every evening, and that will have to be good enough. He worries for the man’s psyche, as broken and fractured as it is right now. He knows Will has it in him to make good on his desire to kill the men responsible, Hannibal only hopes he will come to him when he’s ready. If Will attempts to get retribution on his own, he will likely end up in a jail cell, and Hannibal can’t have that.

After Will’s appointment, he calls Jack and tells him he’d made a mistake asking for a leave of absence and that he feels like he needs to be working. Jack readily agrees for him to come back, immediately dismissing any feigned concern for Will’s wellbeing. Will lets out a bitter laugh at how little Jack seems to care about him. It’s fine if he loses his mind, as long as he catches serial killers.

The next morning, Will gets to Quantico early and is greeting by a surprised Beverly.

“Will? I thought you were taking some time off.” She says.

“I changed my mind. I feel I’m needed here.” Will says plainly. “Got anything for me?”

Beverly nods, though she’s hesitant. She’d been working on Will’s case and is not sure how the man will handle working a case with a killer he is technically a victim of. To add, Will’s suspicions were correct—the man they’d arrested is involved but he is not the ring leader. Beverly’s analysis of the voice on the video doesn’t match the man they have in custody.

“Good morning, Will.” Jack says, walking into the lab. “I don’t want you working too closely on this, Will.”

“I understand, I just couldn’t sit at home and do nothing. I suspected we didn’t arrest the person responsible.” Will agrees. “Actually, it’s possible he wasn’t even on site.”

“We have no leads, though. What can we do other than wait for more bodies to drop?” Brian Zeller asks.

“The survivors. We need to find them, figure out if they know anything.” Will says.

Everyone in the room looks up at him and he remembers *he* is technically a survivor.

“I don’t know anything, I only heard the guy’s voice but hopefully somebody else knows more.”

“Do what you do best, Will. Get inside his head. Interpret the evidence we have.” Beverly encourages.

Will sighs, pulling the crime scene photos toward him. The photos in front of him are from the bodies they’d found before he and Hannibal had been taken. He thinks momentarily that he should consider himself lucky, since he wasn’t maimed or killed. He looks at each photo for several seconds, then focuses on the most recent woman who died by a blow to the head with an ax.

I watch these people fight for their lives, to see them kill one another to save themselves with sick amusement. It proves my theory about the human race, anybody can be a killer. Anyone can be ruthless. It is my responsibility to fix them.

These women, I’ve chosen them because they’re two sides of the same coin. One takes life as a doctor who slaughters babies and the other takes life in a more… indirect way. Showing these people the value of life is God’s work, and I am a vessel for God’s will. The survivor will no longer see life as something to so easily take. They will be cleansed of their sins.

Will backs away with a gasp, “Our killer is religiously motivated.”

The woman who died last was a doctor who worked at a women’s health clinic and she often preformed abortions at all stages of gestation. In this killer’s mind, that makes her a killer. There’s irony in that, considering the man is also a killer, but as it often is with religious delusions, people don’t see the world the way normal people would.

“I bet his other victims were also in positions where they’ve taken life.” Will says. “This man, here,” Will points at a different photo, “was a police officer… did we look at his record? Did he ever kill anyone? I bet he did.”

Beverly puts up the victim’s file on her computer and after a few seconds, she confirms Will’s theory. That victim had been named as a defendant in a wrongful death lawsuit for killing an unarmed suspect.

“If we use the theory that he chooses someone who kills directly and indirectly, can we find the other surviving victims?” Jack asks.

“Maybe.” Will answers.

They work from the most recent case, with the doctor who preformed abortions and find an insurance agent who denies health insurance claims that arguably could cause the death of the patient. The agent they found denies claims at a much higher rate than average, though it appears she left her job a month ago, around the time the doctor’s body was found.

Later that day, Jack and Will arrive at the woman’s apartment to question her. Will notices that she has three locks on her door that she has to disengage before she can open it, which is unusual considering most homes only have one or two. It indicates paranoia.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Blake. Do you mind if we ask you a few questions?” Jack asks. She nods and opens the door fully, gesturing them inside.

“Do you know this woman?” Will asks, pulling out a photo of the doctor.

“Yes.” She answers quietly.

“How do you know her?”

The woman tells them everything she remembers. It’s clear to Will that it’s been festering inside her head like an abscessed wound, and in a way, telling them this is draining the wound. She recounts how she was tranquilized and taken by a man and placed into a room not much different from the one he and Hannibal were placed in. She mentioned that the room was large, and theirs was smaller so it’s reasonable to infer the man has more than one work location. Unlike Will and Hannibal, she says they weren’t chained to anything and were free to look around the room, though it was useless since it had a heavy metal door and no windows.

“Did you see the man responsible for this?” Will asks, his question coming out more desperate than he intended.

“The man… behind the voice?” She asks. “No, he did come into the room briefly, but he was wearing a clown mask.”

She then notes that his hands were uncovered and he was white with blue eyes. She guesses he was about 6 feet tall.

“I think some of his hair was poking out behind the mask, too. It looked brown.”

“So white male, brown hair, blue eyes?” Jack confirms and she nods.

Will sighs inwardly, that really doesn’t narrow it down considering he basically fits the description, too.

“Did they pay you for your participation?” Will asks, having almost forgotten.

“Yes, $50,000.” She admits.

Will and Jack leave with bank account information and a vague suspect description. It’s not much, but it’s more than what they started with. When they return, Beverly waves them over to the computer, she’s further unmasked the voice on the videos. The man speaking has an accent that Will says he thinks is Polish.

Considering the radius of where bodies were found and the house where Will and Hannibal were, they decide the man must live within a 50 mile radius of Baltimore. There are 12 men who fit the description, so they have to look closer at each of them.

“I bet this guy has to be pretty strong to do what he does,” Zeller points out.

“But he doesn’t do it alone.” Will reminds him.

“Have any of these men relocated to the Baltimore area in the last year?” Will asks.

“Three have.” Beverly answers.

"I bet our guy is one of those three.” Will says.

Unsure of which one is their guy, Jack puts FBI tails on each of them in hopes of catching him before he kills someone else.

Will leaves for the day, feeling guilty. He’d lied to his team to steer them away. The man’s accent was not Polish, but Russian and Will knew it immediately. He does his own research and finds 7 men who fit the new description and have relocated to the Baltimore area in the last year. He is surprised when Hannibal calls a little later and asks if instead of therapy, if he’d be interested in having dinner.

Will is embarrassed at his behavior the night before having practically thrown himself on Hannibal. His face flushes at the thought. Rationally he knows intimacy isn’t a great idea for him right now, but he finds himself craving it with Hannibal specifically. Knowing that Hannibal has an attraction to him makes the desire burn even more in his gut.

He has given up trying to convince himself he’s straight. He’s definitely not. He’s not sure he wants to label himself, yet, so he will stick with ‘not straight’ in his head. His heart rate picks up at the thought of Hannibal’s hands on his body, both in fear and in arousal. He tries to imagine being with Hannibal in a new situation, like in bed after dinner. But the idea still makes him nervous, his hands shaking against the steering wheel as he drives.

“Will, good to see you,” Hannibal greets, ushering him inside. Will smiles and follows Hannibal to the dining room.

Will knows how much Hannibal enjoys cooking, and he never makes anything boring, though Will has only been to a couple of his dinner parties and has never had dinner like this with the man alone. Will’s palate is not at all refined and in fact, he eats only a handful of different things. He prefers things with certain textures and avoids chicken and a lot of pork. His few friends call him weird since he can’t stomach steak without slathering it in steak

sauce, no matter how it's cooked. He worries he will offend Hannibal if he doesn't like what the man makes since he takes so much pride in his food.

"I've made something simple tonight." Hannibal says, noticing the way gears in Will's head were turning. "It's not something I often get the pleasure to make."

Will momentarily panics inside, thinking *what if Hannibal went through all this and he still doesn't like the food?* But he calms when he sees Hannibal actually just made… burgers?

"You made burgers?" Will asks, astonished thinking he must be hallucinating.

"I did. I know you do not often take pleasure in the different tastes and textures I do, so I wanted to make something I was sure you'd enjoy."

Will thinks that's a fancy way to say he's annoyingly picky when it comes to food.

"These burgers are made with Kobe beef, a delicacy valued for its flavor, tenderness, and texture. This beef was exported directly from the Hyōgo Prefecture of Japan." Hannibal explains. "Did you know only about 3,000 head of cattle can qualify as Kobe per year?"

"So, we're creating artificial scarcity by limiting the number of cattle that can be Kobe every year?" Will says before he can stop himself. In his opinion, beef is beef.

"I suppose that would be accurate." Hannibal agrees with a smile. He thinks for a moment that Will can be quite rude, and it's concerning that he finds the trait endearing in the man.

Will eats his burger, forgoing common table manners, stuffing his face and placing his elbows on the table. The burger is fantastic, and he tells Hannibal as much. Since Will eats so quickly, he finishes long before Hannibal does and he belatedly realized he probably looked uncivilized eating the food.

He watches, some embarrassment painting his face pink, as Hannibal eats his burger—not with his hands, but with silverware, cutting the sandwich into pieces. He always feels out of place at Hannibal's table, there's so much etiquette he's not aware of, having not been raised to know which utensil goes where or how to properly eat a dish. He was only taught not to chew with his mouth open and he never worried about what wine would pair best with what dish. Before Hannibal, he'd never considered any of those things.

As they finish dinner, Hannibal tells Will he is welcome to spend the night, and Will accepts with one condition: they don't share a bed. Hannibal smiles and agrees, showing him to the guest room.

"Is there anything you'd like to discuss tonight?" Hannibal asks, informally after showing Will to the guest room.

Will does have something on his chest he'd like to get off.

"Let's sit, then." Hannibal says after Will doesn't verbally answer, sitting on the guest bed and motioning for Will to sit in the nearby chair.

“I may have intentionally misled Jack on our case today,” Will blurts.

“Why did you do that?” Hannibal inquires, no hint of anger or annoyance in his voice.

“I don’t want him to get in the way of what I have planned.”

“Ah, so you do intend to kill this man?” Hannibal asks.

“I’m not sure if I should answer that since you’re a mandated reporter an all.”

“You’re not my patient, these are just conversations. I’m not going to tell *anyone* anything.”

Something about Hannibal’s eyes make Will trust him. What does that say about Hannibal if he’s willing to keep this a secret? What else is he willing to keep a secret?

“Will?” Hannibal calls, seeing the man get lost in his head again.

“Sorry—I, uh, yes I plan to find and kill this man.” Will admits, unsure why he feels compelled to tell the truth.

“I imagine it will be cathartic for you… healing, even.”

“You—you’re not going to try and stop me?” Will asks, wide eyed.

“No, as I’ve said before, my therapy can be quite… unorthodox.”

Will bites his lip in thought, surprised and yet not surprised at Hannibal’s answer. There is something off about the man, but he’d always chalked it up to the man’s eccentric tastes in food and music. He’s beginning to realize it may be something far more sinister.

“Have you ever killed anyone?” Will asks, almost afraid of the answer.

“Yes.” Hannibal answers.

“Will you help me kill the man that did this to us?”

“I thought you’d never ask.” Hannibal says, though it’s a lie. He’d expected them to get to a point in their relationship where this would come up. He’s pleased he hasn’t had to wait long.

As Hannibal leaves his guest room, Will feels a rush of adrenaline in his veins. He’d never expected to feel so determined to end someone’s life, and the thought of Hannibal being there through it all, is oddly… arousing. He undresses and steps into the ensuite bathroom to turn on the shower and decides not to ignore his erection.

He strokes himself to full hardness, thoughts of Hannibal at the forefront of his mind. He starts with slow, loose strokes, swiping his thumb over the head of his cock, smearing the precum that has accumulated there. His strokes become faster and his grip gets harder, he imagines what it would be like to have Hannibal’s hand on his cock and he moans softly at

the thought. He feels himself teetering on the edge of release and that's when the memories come back, just like they did when he was with Molly.

Gone are all the feelings of pleasure, replaced with the ghost of aches and the feeling of shame, probing fingers inside him, a hot mouth he doesn't want on his cock. His erection immediately flags, and he looks down, seeing some semen dribble out of his cock. He had been *so close* to orgasm he supposes his body didn't get the message in time to stop the partial ejaculation.

He stands in the shower until the water runs cold, only feeling remnants of guilt for running up Hannibal's water bill. He dresses quickly in the clothes he borrowed from Hannibal and sits down on the bed with a sigh. He jumps at the sound of knocking on his door.

Hannibal sometimes curses his nose. He'd known Will had been aroused when he left the room earlier and he imagined the man jerking himself off on the shower. He wonders if Will was successful in overcoming his unpleasant thoughts and memories and he can't resist the urge to check on him.

"Come in," Will says, Hannibal opening the door immediately.

Hannibal's nose picks up on the same smell of frustration that was evident during his last appointment. He sees Will's face is still flushed and he looks tired.

"Are you alright? I thought I'd come in and check on you before going to bed myself." Hannibal says, in an attempt to open the door for Will to tell him about his sexual frustration. He'd like to help, but not by fucking the man.

"I'm… fine," Will says, eyes pointed toward the floor.

"You don't seem fine." Hannibal says.

"Fine. I'm still… sexually frustrated. Same problem as before." Will says, face flushing a deep red.

"The unpleasant memories are keeping you from orgasm?" Hannibal asks, keeping his language clinical.

"Pretty much, yeah."

Hannibal tells Will he wants to try mindfulness to keep Will in the present moment whenever he feels the memories threatening to cause a flashback. In his day to day life, but also in sexual situations. Staying in the present should allow Will to find sexual satisfaction once again, Hannibal explains.

"If you'd like to try something unorthodox, I could walk you through mindfulness while you masturbate." Hannibal suggests.

"Wouldn't that be awkward?" Will asks.

"I imagine so. I've never tried this treatment before." Hannibal admits.

Will curses at himself for feeling relief that Hannibal has never helped a patient masturbate even though it’s not something a therapist should ever really do. As Hannibal said, it’s unorthodox. Will wonders if it would even be considered illegal in a doctor patient relationship.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a super picky eater and would probably hate 99.9% of Hannibal's meals regardless of whether or not the food is people

Mindfulness

Chapter Summary

Will practices mindfulness and he does some web-browsing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Are you sure about this?” Will asks.

“I think it will help.” Hannibal reassures.

“Let’s start by finding a comfortable position, you can sit or lie down,” Hannibal instructs.

Will settles himself on the bed, lying down, in part so he doesn’t have to look at Hannibal while he does this. Hannibal seems to sense his hesitancy and tells him he can close his eyes if he wants to. Hannibal’s calm, even voice guides Will through the various parts of his body, having him focus on each one and grounding himself in the present moment.

“Pay attention to your breathing. Let it remind you that you are right here, right now. You are not wherever or whenever your mind tries to take you. Feel the sensation of air moving through your nose and out through your mouth. Acknowledge the way your chest rises and falls with each breath.”

Will does as he is told, though he notices it makes him feel tired.

“Focus on your body in the present moment, try not to let your mind wander.” Hannibal reminds him.

“Now, tense and relax the muscles in your arms, then your legs. Notice how the muscles contract and relax, let them also remind you where you are.”

Will does as he is told, though he doesn’t speak to Hannibal. He finds himself relaxing, the noise in head decreasing to a whisper instead of a scream.

“Using your right hand, touch your cheek. Feel the warmth of your face against the palm of your hand. Using your right hand, touch along your neck and down to your chest, feeling the muscles there. If you find you wish to touch your nipples, do so.”

Will’s hand traces down his neck onto his chest, he feels the rising and falling of his chest and unconsciously decides to touch his nipple. He takes the nipple between his fingers, pulling it gently and he sighs at the contact. He moves to the other nipple and does the same thing, beginning to feel ashamed at the growing arousal he’s feeling from this process.

Hannibal smells Will's arousal before anything else, and he sees a small frown on the man's face.

"Allow the judgements you're offering to yourself to pass. Watch them come into your head and then leave. Don't try to stop them from coming, but don't allow them to stay. Remember, you are here in the present focusing only on your body." Hannibal coaches.

Will takes a deep breath, allowing his shame to come and go, then he begins touching his chest once more, a flat open palm feeling the muscles there. Hannibal tells him to move down to his stomach and he does, his finger tracing around his belly button.

"When you are ready, take your pants off." Hannibal instructs.

Will touches his stomach more, feeling the muscles there and moves back up to his nipples before lifting his hips up and sliding the pants down his legs. He's already hard, having focused on nothing but the feeling of touch. Wearing no boxers, sliding the pants down frees his cock. He doesn't take his cock in his hand yet, waiting for Hannibal's instruction. Will feels a cool substance being squirted into his hand, what he quickly realizes is lube.

"When it feels right, touch your cock."

Will breathes deeply, reminding himself he's here in the present and closes his fist around his achingly hard cock.

"Try to keep your mind here, the only thoughts that matter are the ones describing your body and your feelings."

Will's arousal grows at the soft sound of Hannibal's guidance, and he begins to set a pace for himself, stroking up and down his cock quickly.

Hannibal watches Will, sees the tensing of his abdominal muscles and the relaxation on his face. It appears the mindfulness is working, but he won't know for sure until he reaches orgasm. Will's sighs meld into moans, the man most likely being more vocal now than he is typically because of the relaxation he feels. Hannibal continues speaking in a soft voice, guiding Will to remind him to focus on his body and nothing else.

Hannibal can't help himself and he smiles when Will reaches orgasm with a moan. He watches as the man cums, dirtying up his fist, his stomach, and even his chest. Will opens his eyes afterward, and looks up at Hannibal, his pupils wide with lust.

"Stay right there, I will get a towel and clean you up." Hannibal says.

Will is more relaxed than he has been in weeks and he's content with waiting, whether or not his semen is drying on his body. He yawns, feeling tired. He doesn't want to fall asleep just yet so he forces himself to hold his eyes open. Soon, Hannibal returns with a warm washcloth and cleans Will's body. Oddly enough, it doesn't feel like a sexual gesture to Will, it feels more intimate… loving, even.

“Don’t go,” Will pleads with Hannibal once he’s cleaned. Will feels emotionally stripped bare and doesn’t want to be alone. He wants to feel the warmth of Hannibal’s body pressed against him as he falls asleep.

Hannibal nods turning off the light, and gets into bed with Will. Hannibal must admit, he likes feeling Will’s smaller, muscled body against his own. He only hopes that when Will wakes, he remembers what occurred and doesn’t panic as he has in the past.

Will backs himself into Hannibal’s body and the older man wraps his arms around him. Will sighs in contentment at the feeling of Hannibal’s arms wrapped around his body. As he falls asleep, he doesn’t think about the trauma, his intentions to hunt down the men responsible, or his plans for suicide. His mind is blissfully quiet and he wishes he could stay like that forever.

It’s too soon when the alarm clock goes off, alerting Will that it’s time to get ready for work. When he wakes, Hannibal is still in bed with him, though he is awake as well.

“Do you have a busy day today?” Will asks, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“I do. 6 patients to see today, not counting you.” Hannibal answers.

Will hums in acknowledgement and leans over to kiss Hannibal before he can even think about it. To his surprise, Hannibal kisses back immediately but he supposes that shouldn’t surprise him since Hannibal has been pretty transparent about his feelings. Will only hopes he doesn’t end up leading him on, since for one, he hadn’t considered his sexuality as being anything other than heterosexual until recently, and two, his experience with intimacy is beyond fucked up right now.

Hannibal can tell Will is thinking, but he doesn’t ask about it. Not only because he wants Will to share his thoughts of his own accord, but also because they’ll both be late for work if they stay in bed any longer. Will gets dressed quickly, no qualms about redressing in the clothes he wore yesterday.

“I’ll see you this evening? My office?” Hannibal asks as Will leaves.

“Sure.” Will replies, though his tone gives his disappointment away.

He wonders what he’s done to upset Hannibal. Was it his clinginess last night? Or something he said? He *did* admit to planning to kill someone, and he supposes that could turn anyone off. That might be it if it had been anyone other than Hannibal, but there’s a darkness in the man that makes Will think he is intimately familiar with killing.

When he asked Hannibal if he’d help him kill the men responsible, his eyes glistened in an almost childlike amusement. At the time, he was not considering Hannibal’s minute reactions during his confession, he was more concerned about Hannibal turning him into the FBI for his words—labeling him as a danger to himself or others. He was, of course, pleasantly surprised when Hannibal made no mention of involving anyone in the FBI and he did not pass judgement on Will for his desires. Maybe they are more alike than Will could ever know.

“I think we may be looking in the wrong direction,” Jack says once Will arrives.

“What? Why?” Will questions, feigning surprise.

“We’ve tailed our suspects for almost 24 hours and none of them have done anything to indicate they’re involved. We’ve even tapped their phone lines and have been listening to their calls. They all seem to be normal people leading normal lives.” Jack explains.

“Maybe they know they’re being watched?” Will suggests.

“I guess it’s possible, but how would they know?” Beverly asks.

“Somebody in the FBI… maybe they’re involved. They livestream this stuff and I bet it’s pretty lucrative. It wouldn’t be hard to corrupt someone in need of money.” Will says.

“So should we look at agents who have financial problems?” Jack surmises.

“Yeah, I think so.”

In truth, Will doesn’t think anyone in the FBI is involved, but it could be possible. He just hopes it isn’t because he wants to find them before Jack does. He pulls the files of the men who match the accurate profile and begins to look through them after work.

He wants to call Hannibal but decides to leave it for their appointment. He will find out today if Hannibal is serious about his offer to help and Will admits to himself that he is nervous. *What if Hannibal is a serial killer and that’s why he’s so eager to help?* Will shrugs the thought away, chalking it up to anxiety with a laugh.

Will gets home early and pulls out his rarely used laptop, deciding to find the site where they livestream the murders. It doesn’t take him long to find it once he opens up the TOR browser. In truth, Will doesn’t consider himself very good with technology but he learned his way around it for cases like this one. He’d never considered that he’d be a *victim* in the cases he worked.

The word victim feels heavy in his throat and he doesn’t like to see himself that way. In his head, the victims are the ones that don’t survive. He could prove that he isn’t a victim by claiming the kills once he takes care of the men responsible but he’d probably end up in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane if he did that.

Alana would view him as a poor misguided man who didn’t know what he was doing, Doctor Chilton would love to have him under his special brand of psychiatric care, content to whittle away at Will’s sanity for years. Jack would feel some guilt for pushing Will too far—the man would undoubtably blame himself for Will’s crimes. Doctor Lecter would probably be in a cell next to him, if he helped with the killing.

Scrolling through the dismal webpage titled ‘*Gore on Demand*’, he clicks on some links to videos and starts watching them. It appears the videos only have a paywall when they are being live-streamed—afterwards, anyone can view them. He watches through a couple of videos and inevitably, he stumbles upon his own. He watches in clarity, what happened

between himself and Hannibal. He wants to throw his laptop against the wall and scream, or go out right now and hunt down the owner of the site and execute him with a bullet to the head, but he does none of those things. Instead, he sits in a trancelike state and watches the video, listening to his cries of pain and Hannibal's whispers. He sees how the other man pinned his wrists above his head and fucked up.

He continues to watch and finally breaks himself out of the trance when Hannibal begins to blow him. He pauses the video and notes the view count, over 300 thousand people have seen him like this and that's just on this website. He doesn't know how many people saw the parts of it posted on TattleCrime. He closes the laptop lid and he's sure if he had watched anymore, he'd have vomited all over his kitchen. The video brought about a refreshed rage inside him, making him feel more motivated than ever to hunt the bastards down.

Once he calms down, he opens his laptop back up and notices a site banner that wasn't there earlier. They're hosting a new livestream event *tonight*. Will sighs, he needs to figure out who they are before they kill again. He wonders if their next pair of victims have already been taken. He decides to close the laptop and bring it not to the FBI, but to Hannibal. If they're going to get these men, they have to do it quickly.

Chapter End Notes

As someone who has practiced mindfulness with a therapist (albeit less erotic) and has a degree in psychology, I feel uniquely qualified to write this (I have no idea what I'm doing).

The Hunt

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go hunting.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"The man who started this suffers from religious delusions, but it's obvious someone or multiple someones are involved, since it's unlikely he would livestream the kills on his own," Will begins rambling after entering Hannibal's office an hour early.

"Hello to you, too." Hannibal says.

"I was on the website earlier and they're going to be doing a livestream tonight," Will says, pulling out his laptop. "We can't let them do it. Nobody else can die."

"That's not true, though. Is it? You wish for the killer to die."

"Well, yeah. But does that really count?"

"Who are we to decide which life has more value than another?"

Will looks at Hannibal, unimpressed.

"I am merely playing devil's advocate." Hannibal says, putting his hands up in a mock surrender.

"Now's not the time for that, look." Will says, now having his laptop open and on the website. "They're going to start streaming in 3 hours."

If Hannibal has any reservations about helping Will with his plan, he doesn't voice them. He listens to Will and flips through the files he brought along on the people Will suspects. His gaze falls on one man in particular.

"This is our guy," Hannibal says. "He was a patient of mine and he suffered from some pretty extreme religious delusions."

"Alright, let's go to his address and see what we can find." Will says, and they prepare.

Will watches in confusion as Hannibal opens a hidden door in his kitchen and goes down the stairs. Will follows, curiosity not allowing him to wait. He is both surprised and not surprised at what he sees. Hannibal's hidden room looks like a butcher shop/surgery suite, and Will

decides then that Hannibal is definitely a serial killer. He's too caught up in what they're trying to do now to examine his feelings on the matter further. He realizes Hannibal has turned around and is watching him, Will supposes he's gauginghis reaction to the discovery.

"I think the FBI calls me the Chesapeake Ripper," Hannibal says.

"You… you're *the ripper*? Holy shit." Will exclaims, too high on adrenaline to be afraid.

"Yes, and if I am going to help you with this, we are going to do it correctly." Hannibal says, pulling out a plastic suit.

Will surmises that must be part of the reason the ripper—*Hannibal*—never leaves any evidence. It appears the man is meticulous in his killing and Will thinks for a moment if there is a way for him to get away with this without being caught, it is going to be with the ripper's help.

Hannibal also pulls out the file he has on the patient they suspect is involved, reading the notes on him. He keeps a box of patient files down here that interest him more than others, not necessarily just of those he has manipulated.

Will looks at the file and reads Hannibal's notes on *Alexander Volkov*.

Diagnosis: Schizophrenia with religious delusions.

Treatment: Patient refuses pharmacological treatments, continues therapy.

Notes: Patient exhibits anger towards people he perceives as immoral, but does not appear to have an actionable plan to hurt himself or others. Becomes hostile when his beliefs are called into question.

Patient has discontinued therapy and no longer returns phone calls.

"Why didn't you report him? He sounds dangerous just from reading this." Will asks, putting the file down.

"I didn't think he would ever act on his delusions. The vast majority of schizophrenics are not dangerous." Hannibal explains. He didn't have any ulterior motives with the man, he didn't want to see what he would do. He simply misjudged the situation, though he admits to himself that is not always the case.

Will accepts the answer, watching as Hannibal packs a bag with duct tape, zip ties, rope, scalpels, knives, and syringes filled with some kind of drug.

"What's in the syringes?" Will asks.

"A paralytic." Hannibal answers.

"I have an extra suit, it might be a bit large on you, but it should work." Hannibal says, pulling out the folded plastic suit.

“So this is how you get away with it?”

“Partly, but I like to think it’s because I always have a plan and a contingency plan. Nobody is going to catch me unless I want them to.”

Will hums an acknowledgment and goes to type the address into his phone, but Hannibal stops him. They’ll need to leave their phones at Hannibal’s, nobody needs to know they were ever at the suspect’s house. Will laughs wryly, disbelieving he could be so careless. He worries he’s going to get them caught, but he doesn’t voice the concern.

The drive to Volkov’s house is a short one, the man only lives 20 minutes from Hannibal. They arrive at the large house and park the car a few blocks away. The property is entirely fenced so they have to climb it and lug the bag over as well. There doesn’t appear to be any cameras on the outside of the home, but they still keep to the tree line to avoid detection.

“You think they’re streaming inside there somewhere?” Will whispers.

“Yes. Probably in the basement like the one we were in.” Hannibal answers.

They have about an hour before the livestream is scheduled to begin so they need to get inside before then. They can’t have their faces ending up on the internet again. They make their way to the back of the house and find a window low enough to climb through. It’s locked, but Hannibal quickly breaks the window with little noise. It doesn’t appear that anyone is in this area of the house so they climb in, careful not to cause the floorboards to creak more than necessary.

“Shhh,” Hannibal whispers, hearing someone walking down the hallway. The man turns the corner into the room they’re in and Will jumps on him from behind, clasping his hand over his mouth. The man falls to the ground and Hannibal slices his throat open with a scalpel. The man doesn’t even get to make a noise, having been killed efficiently by the pair.

“I wonder how many people are here.” Will muses, watching the blood seep out of the man’s throat onto the floor.

“No way to know for sure, but we have to move. They’ll be looking for him and I want them to find us first.”

Hannibal picks up his scalpel, tossing it into his bag and they walk into the hallway. Slow, quiet steps bring them to the door to what looks like the basement. Will cracks open the door and knows that’s where they need to be. The door is heavy and it appears that the basement walls have been sound proofed. Seems like overkill to Will, considering they have no close neighbors.

From what they can tell, this basement is large. Much larger than the one they were in. It leaves Will wondering if there are basements all over the country for this kind of thing. He knows he’s only focusing on the one website, but there must be others. Making their way down the stairs, someone comes from behind and shoves them down. Hannibal falls forward, crashing into Will who lands painfully on the concrete floor below.

“Did you two come for round two?” The man behind them asks with a laugh.

Will, still dazed from the fall, looks up at the voice. It’s *the* voice. He’d know it anywhere. The Russian accent isn’t strong but it’s there.

“Doctor,” He says. “You really should have had me committed. Look what I’ve done.”

Hannibal looks up at Volkov with a scowl. He stays on the ground but he’s sure nothing is broken. He doesn’t intend to let these men know that, though. It will be better if they believe he and Will are injured. Will groans from beside him and Hannibal glances over thinking maybe Will is actually incapacitated. The younger man did hit his head in the fall so a concussion is possible.

There are only three men surrounding them and Will thinks they can take them. Two of the men have guns so they’ll need to take them out first. Will feels concussed but he doesn’t intend to die today, not having escaped this organization once already. Will glances at Hannibal, their eyes meeting for a mere moment, but it’s clear they both know what to do.

Will gets to his feet in an instant and lunges at the man on his left and Hannibal does the same to the man on his right. Will grabs the pistol from the man and pistol whips him hard, making him fall to the ground unconscious. Hannibal’s tactic is a little different. His man drops the pistol and Hannibal takes the man’s head in his arms and snaps his neck, causing the man to fall to the ground—not dead, but paralyzed. With the henchmen taken care of, they turn their attention to Volkov.

“I am not going to run because I am doing God’s work. He will protect me.” He exclaims.

Will arches an eyebrow and laughs. Hannibal grabs his bag, pulling out a syringe with the paralytic. Walking up behind Volkov, he sinks the drug into his neck and in seconds, he’s falling to the floor motionless.

“Let’s find the people they kidnapped, and then we can take care of him.” Will says.

Hannibal nods, though finding it an odd turn of events for himself. When he kills, he isn’t doing it for retribution. He’s not a vigilante, though he supposes someone like Will would need a reason to kill. He wonders if he’ll develop a taste for killing after this is over.

Making their way through the basement, which is less like a basement and more like an underground bunker, they search through the rooms for the people that were taken. It only takes a few minutes to find them behind a heavy metal door—almost identical to the one they were trapped behind. Two men are chained by their ankles to the wall, a meat cleaver between them. They are still unconscious, probably from the same drug that Will and Hannibal were dosed with.

With gloved hands, Will begins to work on the first man’s cuff, popping the lock open with relative ease. If only he’d had a lock picking kit when he was taken. Hannibal watches as Will moves to the next man, freeing him of the cuff just as easily. Hannibal can do many things, but he’s never been very good at lock picking and they didn’t want to waste time looking for the keys.

“We’ll leave them here, once they wake up they can get themselves out. It’s better that they don’t see our faces.” Hannibal says.

Will nods his agreement. “I want to find who is responsible for streaming this. Someone else must be here. These seems like the heart of their twisted little operation.”

They’d already searched half the basement and then they do find what they’re looking for. An office of sorts, with a normal door. Will kicks it in and behind it is the man behind the website. Will curls his lip in disgust at the man. He’s fat and balding, not dressed like the rest of the men who worked there. He looks like he belongs in his mother’s basement playing World of Warcraft, not handling the technology and streaming for a serial killer’s website.

The man belatedly looks up at the intruders, fear registering in his gaze. He definitely recognizes them and that’s all Will needs to walk over to him and slit his throat with one of Hannibal’s scalpels. The man didn’t stand a chance, he bleeds out over his computer keyboard and the arterial spray paints the screens before falling onto his desk, pale and lifeless.

Some of the blood ended up splashing on Will’s face and when he turns to Hannibal, the man has to take a deep breath. He’s always found Will attractive, but seeing him like this—eyes wild, blood spattered on his face, feeling the high of endorphins after a kill, it awakens something new in Hannibal. Before he can form a rational thought, he closes the gap between them and kisses Will hard. Will is surprised by the gesture but quickly kisses back, gripping Hannibal’s bicep in desperation.

Will is aroused. He’s not sure if it’s only because of the kiss he got from Hannibal or if it’s because of the killing. Nonetheless, he is very aware that he’s painfully hard in his jeans and continuing kissing Hannibal isn’t doing anything for it.

“Later,” Will pants. “We need to finish this.” Releasing his hold on Hannibal.

Hannibal’s face is flushed, his pupils dilated with pleasure, but he agrees and they go back to Volkov, who is still lying on the ground feeling the effects of the paralytic he was dosed with.

“Let’s get him into this room, and chain him up.” Will directs, already having a tableau in his mind for this disgusting man.

They manage to get him situated quickly, and standing above him, Hannibal asks, “So what would you like to do first?”

“If we hadn’t killed the webmaster, I’d say we should livestream this, but I don’t think that would be smart anyway.” Will muses.

The man is conscious, looking wide eyed between the two men but unable to move. Will kneels in front of him and places his palm on his chest, feeling the man’s heart beat rapidly.

“Where is your god now?” Will taunts, knowing the man cannot answer, his muscles not allowing it.

“I want to take his tongue.” Will says.

“Excellent idea.” Hannibal says, reaching for a scalpel from his bag. “Would you like me to do it?”

“Yes, you have the surgical experience after all. I don’t want this to kill him.”

Hannibal smiles, amused at how dark Will has become in such a short amount of time. “I love you like this,”

Will’s eyes widen at that. “You… love me?”

“Yes.”

Will’s own heart is racing now, somehow this confession causing even more adrenaline to saturate his blood. “I think—I think I love you too.”

“Let’s get started, shall we?” Hannibal asks, not dwelling on the fact Will only said he thinks he loves him. They can talk about it later.

Will watches with a twisted delight as Hannibal painstakingly cuts off Volkov’s tongue. The man gurgles on his own blood and Will worries that he was suffocate, but Hannibal was prepared, using a small suction device to suction out the pooling blood to allow the man to breathe through the procedure.

Eventually, either from pain or blood loss, the man falls unconscious. Hannibal checks his pulse, and it’s strong so he hasn’t died… yet. They decide they’ve done enough at the house and pick him up, carrying him outside and to their waiting vehicle.

Chapter End Notes

> Make sure you wait to tell your boyfriend that you're the Chesapeake Ripper until he's planning a murder of his own. Then he can't get mad. I don't make the rules.

Suspicion

Chapter Summary

> Will gets called to work his own kill and Jack is suspicious. Then, Will and Hannibal have a special dinner.

Will watches in admiration—or shock, he's not sure, as Hannibal straps Volkov down on his table and starts cutting into him. Will knows exactly what Hannibal's doing since he is the ripper after all. Hannibal had asked Will if he wanted to make the cut to remove the man's kidney, but Will declined, his hands still shaking from the adrenaline of it all. If he had been steadier, he may have agreed but as it is, he's content with watching.

"I won't ask you to partake in the meal I prepare with this kill, but you are more than welcome to if you wish." Hannibal says like it's a normal topic of conversation.

"Okay," Will replies.

"I know the FBI calls me a cannibal, but it's only cannibalism if we're equals. I don't think we are this pig's equals." Hannibal says.

"I'm not sure if I'm alright with eating another human being, regardless of what they've done in their lives." Will replies.

"And that is your prerogative."

Will thinks about it and the implications of eating this meal with Hannibal. He knows if he does it, he can never go back to who he was before. In fact, he is already changed from the man he used to be. He is a murderer now, what does it matter if he's also a cannibal? He's thrown his moral compass in the trash and would feel like a fraud if he tried to fish it out again.

"Are we going to display this body like you've done with your other murders?" Will asks as Hannibal continues to remove the man's organs.

"That's up to you. I would like to, but this is your kill."

"Where would we display him… and how?"

"I like to put my works in places people will see, beyond that? It's up to you."

"What about the park that's near his house? We drove by it."

"That will work."

Hannibal soon finishes harvesting the organs he wants from the man and at some point during the procedures, he died. The man was unconscious so it wasn't a particularly painful death, but Will doesn't mind. He feels as if they made the man suffer enough when they cut out his tongue.

"I noticed you kept the tongue. What do you intend to do with it?" Will asks.

"I'd like to use it in our tableau if you're amenable to it." Hannibal answers.

Hannibal stitches the body up neatly and they loaded it up into his car, driving it to the park where they intend to set up their work. Using rope, they tie the man's arms, torso, and neck up leaving long pieces of rope from each part, intending to tie them up on the tree branch above his head. The idea is to make the man look like a puppet on strings, paying homage to the control he gave to his religious delusions. Will takes the tongue and places it in one of the man's hands, closing his fist around it like it's a trophy. They took his tongue because he used it to hurt not only them, but others as well.

Stepping back, once they're finished, Will and Hannibal admire their work. It looks very much like Hannibal's other tableaus, so Jack and the FBI shouldn't suspect anyone but the ripper for this kill. They were extremely careful to not leave any evidence at the scene, or even at the man's house. Hannibal is good at what he does—the meticulousness he shows in all that he does is most evident in works such as this.

"Now what?" Will asks, sliding into the passenger seat of Hannibal's car.

"Now, we move on. Jack will undoubtably be calling you in to work this case. Ensure that you don't behave strangely."

"You mean stranger than usual?" Will clarifies with a laugh.

Hannibal chuckles too, "Not too strange, but not too normal either. They'll know something is up."

It's early the next morning when Will gets the call from Jack. *'There's been another ripper murder,'* he says. Will begrudgingly agrees to meet him at the crime scene, ensuring he asks for the address.

Beverly greets him when he arrives, Zeller and Price too busy walking around the crime scene to notice he's there.

"I'm not so sure this is a ripper murder." She says. "They've already identified the body—he's the serial killer we were looking for."

"You mean—you mean the one that took Hannibal and I?" Will gasps.

"The very same. The ripper doesn't usually choose his victims like this."

"Perhaps it was a coincidence?" Will offers, crossing his arms.

“I don’t believe anything the ripper does is a coincidence.” Beverly admits. “I guess it could be a shift in his M.O., but that’s doubtful considering how long he’s been killing this way.”

Beverly is too intuitive for her own good. If Hannibal knows Beverly is beginning to see through what they’ve put together, he might kill her. Will wouldn’t put it past him to kill to preserve his freedom. He worries now that he, Hannibal, and all other surviving victims will become suspects in this case. Perhaps Jack will agree with Beverly that this doesn’t seem like a ripper murder… maybe he will think it’s a copycat. The ripper has had copycats before, it wouldn’t be too out of the ordinary.

“Will! Are you alright to work this case?” Jack says, finally approaching Will where he stands with Beverly.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m good, Jack.” Will answers, knowing that’s what Jack wants to hear.

“There’s symbolism in this tableau,” Will offers after the crime scene has cleared for him to do his thing.

I’m sending a message to this man, and to anyone who sees him. I cut out his tongue because he uses it to hurt, to kill. I string him up like a puppet… because he’s being controlled by something, someone else.

Will finds this crime scene beautiful, even more so than usual knowing he had a hand in creating it. Seeing what Hannibal does as art rather than crime is a freeing point of view. Jack knows how Will’s empathy works so the small smile on his lips shouldn’t be all that concerning. But Jack can’t shake the feeling that something is off about the man. He doesn’t want to admit it, but he thinks Will could be involved. He’s familiar enough with he ripper that if he wanted to, he could likely make a pretty convincing copy—like this scene here. Will has motive and the know how to commit this crime.

Jack dismisses Will from the crime scene and he goes to Hannibal’s instead of to his home in Wolf Trap. He finds it odd that Jack would have him come look at the scene, exchange a few words with him, and then tell him to go home. Will wonders if it’s because he technically knew the victim, or if Jack is suspecting he’s involved? Regardless, he feels he needs to see Hannibal. Hopefully he will tell Will he’s worried for nothing…

“Unfortunately, I think you may be right.” Hannibal says after Will explains Jack’s behavior at the crime scene. “And if that’s the case, you can be sure he’s put a tail on you and has tapped your phone.”

Will pales at the seriousness of the situation. *Of course* he is going to be a suspect in the murder of a man who facilitated his assault. The man is dead now though, and that means Will got what he wanted. He recalls his initial plan, feeling hopeless and unable to move forward from the attack, and wonders if he should go through with it after all. Suicide, he thinks, is the coward’s way out—but if that’s true, why do many often find the idea of death so *frightening*? To Will, it seems one has to be exceptionally brave to commit suicide. To willingly face the unknown of what, if anything, happens after.

“Will? Are you alright?” Hannibal asks, shaking Will loose from his train of thought.

“Yes, I’m fine. I’m just… worried about this.” Will admits, not telling the psychiatrist about his suicidal thoughts. No need to worry the man, he thinks.

As it is now, it’s likely Jack only has a suspicion that Will is involved, he only has a potential motive and no evidence. As long as Will doesn’t cause him to become more invested in the theory, he should be okay. Will cringes at the thought of spending his days inside a cell at the BSHCI. To get their minds off the possibilities, Hannibal prepares their dinner. A dish made with Volkov's liver. Will, feeling less perturbed by the idea of cannibalism, sits down and tries to enjoy the meal with Hannibal.

He tries to enjoy it, but he’s never liked anything with liver as an ingredient. It reminds him of the time his father had fried *liver mush* for breakfast one morning. He took one bite and promptly vomited it up, never being able to look at liver mush again but his father had tried to make him liver mush again after that, but Will *always* fervently refused, reminded of the taste of stomach acid in his mouth at the sight.

Human liver, he finds, doesn’t have quite the stomach turning taste and texture as the pork liver found in liver mush. And while Will would never go out of his way to procure a meal like this for himself, he can eat it when it is prepared for him by Hannibal.

“What did you think?” Hannibal queries after they’ve finished and are both nursing a glass of wine.

“It was… okay,” Will says truthfully. He thinks it would be more rude to lie, considering Hannibal knows about Will’s eating habits.

“I suppose that is the best I could hope for.” Hannibal replies, an honest smile on his face.

Will stands, taking both of their empty plates and putting them in the sink. He walks back toward Hannibal and leans down, kissing him slowly. Hannibal’s mouth opens in surprise and Will takes it as an invitation for his tongue to explore the other man’s mouth. Will bites at Hannibal’s lower lip and elicits a low moan from the man. Surprising Will, Hannibal gets up, lifting Will by his thighs and carries him to the bedroom.

Will, laid out on Hannibal’s impossibly soft mattress, he thinks about how far they’ve gone previously, which is effectively nowhere. Sure, he’d masturbated while Hannibal guided him through a mindfulness exercise and they’d kissed at the crime scene, but aside from that, the intimacy they shared before that was not consensual and was not—in any sense of the word—intimacy.

Hannibal climbs over Will, effectively pinning him down, and the panic doesn’t come like Will suspects it might. Instead, feeling the heat roll of Hannibal serves to heighten his arousal. When Hannibal shifts his hips to make contact with Will’s own, he groans in pleasure, the friction feeling exquisite. Hannibal kisses him again, and nips at his throat, making his way down to Will’s nipples where he takes one in his mouth and sucks. Will, not ever having anyone do this to him, is surprised at how it feels.

“Fuck,” Will mutters out at the sensation of Hannibal’s mouth all over him, worshipping him.

Will shudders when he feels Hannibal's hands reach for his belt. Hannibal pauses, looking to Will to ensure he is alright. Will manages a nod, unable to form words but it's good enough for Hannibal and he unbuckles Will's belt swiftly. Next, working on his zipper, he pulls it down and slides Will's jeans down his legs, though not entirely off.

Now, clad only in his boxers, Will's erection is more evident than ever, tenting his boxers. Hannibal rubs against the cock through the thin fabric, eliciting pleased moans from the younger man. He kisses Will, continuing his ministrations and Will becomes to lift his hips up, searching for more friction.

"So needy," Hannibal murmurs against Will's lips.

"Please," Will gasps when Hannibal's hand makes its way into his boxers.

Hannibal, unable to resist Will's begging, moves away from his kiss swollen lips and pulls the man's boxers down to where his jeans are. Now, he takes both off, leaving them forgotten on the floor next to the bed. The fabric barrier gone, Will's erection springs free and it's a sight Hannibal enjoys immensely. He presses a palm against his own erection currently trapped behind his pants, reminding himself this is about Will.

He kisses down Will's stomach, around his hip bones and down his thighs until Will is practically trembling in desire before he takes the head of Will's cock in his mouth. Will's strangled cry of pleasure only eggs him on to continue his motions. It takes Will an embarrassingly short amount of time to orgasm, cumming hard into Hannibal's mouth before he can even warn the other man. It happens so quickly, his intrusive thoughts did not even have an opportunity to show themselves, which he is thankful for.

"Oh, my god," Will sighs, hazy from the intensity of the orgasm.

Hannibal kisses him, allowing Will to taste himself on his lips, then gets off the bed and procures Will's boxers, sliding them up his legs. Will sleepily thinks he should offer to return the favor, but as Hannibal crawls into bed next to him, holding him against his chest, he can do nothing but fall asleep.

Attempt

Chapter Summary

Will follows through with his original plan.

TW: attempted suicide

When Will wakes, the bed beside him is cool. Hannibal has been up and about for some time. He stands, stretching his tired limbs, feeling well rested but still groggy. He thinks he could lie back down and go back to sleep. He finds his discarded shirt and pants, dressing himself to search for Hannibal in the house.

“Morning,” Will greets when he finds Hannibal in the kitchen making coffee.

Will sits at the counter, watching as Hannibal prepares the coffee and butters some toast.

“I was only feeling a light breakfast this morning. I hope that’s alright with you.” Hannibal says.

“That’s fine. Thank you,” Will replies with a smile.

It all feels too domestic. He woke up this morning and felt *happy*. He can’t remember when that’s happened last and it’s because of Hannibal. Hannibal—the Chesapeake Ripper, the serial killer, the *cannibal*. The absurdity of it all threatens to draw a dry laugh from his chest, but he doesn’t allow it to escape.

Of course, this calm domesticity can’t last. They have to face the very real possibility of being investigated or even charged with this murder. Will would feel unbelievably guilty if *this* tableau was the one that got Hannibal caught. All the crimes Hannibal has committed and gotten away with by being so precise and thorough that he can dangle his crimes in front of the FBI like bait and still they get no closer to catching him—this would be the one to put him behind bars. The one Hannibal strayed from his MO for, the one he agreed to for Will, for him to get retribution. An errant hair or speck of blood not cleaned up, a security camera that was missed, or a witness that stayed quiet. So much could have gone wrong, there are so many variables to consider, the possibilities have Will feeling like he’s suffocating.

If they get caught and they end up behind bars, he almost feels sicker to think that Hannibal would never forgive him. It would certainly be his fault for dragging Hannibal into this. Hannibal doesn’t kill for any reason aside from simply wishing to kill. He’s not a vigilante.

Will, stuck in his own head, leaves Hannibal’s for the day to give a lecture at Quantico. Jack hasn’t called him to consult on a case and Will’s not sure if he should be relieved or worried. He teaches his lecture as he always does, though he probably drones on and on more than

usual. He tries to engage with his class but today he finds it nearly impossible to do more than lecture.

Once he's done for the day, he gets into his car and heads home. His dogs are happy to see him and he feels a modicum of peace once engulfed by their wagging tails and dirty paws. He hates himself for what he knows he has to do. It's the coward's way out but he can't deal with the prospect of getting himself and Hannibal caught, to have them be thrown into the BSHCI never to be released.

He gets everything ready, having stashed away a cocktail of benzodiazepines and morphine for this very reason. He thinks about Hannibal and what he will do when he finds out, but resolves that it won't be his problem any longer. He does hope that Hannibal doesn't get caught though and he's not sure what that says about him since Hannibal is a *serial killer* and a cannibal.

He's done what he set out to do—killing the men responsible for he and Hannibal's assault. While he hadn't expected Hannibal to be the reason he considers alternative courses of action, he ultimately decides it will be for the best. He lies down on his bed, his dogs at his feet and takes the benzodiazepines and the sublingual morphine. He doesn't know what it's like to die, but he's not afraid.

Taking the medication with a glass of water, Will closes his eyes and waits. He wonders, while he still has clarity of mind, if he should have written a note, but the static of the drugs creeps into his brain like cotton balls. It's too late, now and he finds he doesn't much care. He thinks, numbly, who will be the one to find him. Will it be Hannibal, Jack, Alana? He hopes it isn't Hannibal, though the man is thoroughly desensitized to death. If he's lucky, it'll be Jack. He will be less traumatized by the ordeal. Will doesn't think Jack's ever seen him as more than a tool to be used when needed. Does Jack even realize Will is a person—with his own thoughts, feelings, dreams, and desires?

Alana, always nice to him, even if it's more in pity than anything else. Someone who is so social inept that she can't help but befriend him, or else he will be all alone. Maybe his view of Alana is too cynical. Maybe she likes him for his mind, sees it as something interesting to dissect.

The only person he has ever felt could really see him is Hannibal. They both have a darkness inside them that draws them together like magnets. Will knows if he stayed they'd eventually get caught—maybe not by this murder, but surely another because there's no way Will can only kill once. He's got a taste for it now and he'll do it again. Hannibal would probably be delighted to hear that, not worrying at all about the prospect of being caught since he's always several steps ahead of the FBI. He loves Hannibal and revels in the man's darkness. His last conscious thought is of Hannibal—his large hands scooping Will up into a hug, a kiss on his forehand, much like a child.

Will falls into unconsciousness, blackness enveloping him completely. His heart is beating and he's breathing, but he's somewhere else. He's not awake to hear his phone ring the first, second, or third time. He doesn't hear the ping of a text message from Hannibal, one that says he is coming over to check on him. His heartbeat slows to almost nothing, his respiration rate drops drastically, he's finally getting what he wants.

Hannibal is in his car, rushing to Will's home in Wolf Trap. The man didn't answer any of his calls and Hannibal's gut feeling tells him something is terribly wrong. Unable to shake the feeling and with Will not answering, he decided to go to the man. He arrives in record time, thankfully not passing any police officers during his drive.

The door is locked but he can hear the dogs barking. He looks through the window, and there, unconscious on the bed, is Will. *His Will.* Hannibal decides to break the door down, opening it easily with a firm kick.

"Will!" Hannibal exclaims, rushing to his side.

He looks down and sees the medication bottles, empty on the floor.

"No, no, no," Hannibal mutters to no one but himself.

He reaches to Will, checking for a pulse and doesn't find one. The man is still warm and hasn't been gone long Hannibal thinks, so he starts CPR. He can feel the tears welling up in his eyes, and he can't recall the last time he cried and it wasn't for show. He stops compressions briefly to dial 911, putting the phone on speaker to continue compressions.

"911, what is your emergency?"

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter, I'm at 12 Wolf Ln, Wolf Trap, Virginia, I have an unconscious male who has overdosed on morphine and benzodiazepines. I am doing compressions, there is no pulse," He says quickly.

"EMTs will be there in a few minutes, please continue compressions until they arrive." The operator says.

Hannibal does, staying on the line with the operator until the medics arrive. They come in armed with naloxone, administering it nasally to Will. They get his pulse back and load him into the ambulance, Hannibal following in his own car.

Hannibal paces the waiting room, only looking up to greet Jack, Beverly, and Alana when they arrive. They wait, for what seems like hours for the doctor to give them an update. Finally, he comes into the waiting room.

"He's stable for now. We have him sedated and on a ventilator but we think he will be able to come off of it soon." The doctor says.

"Can I see him?" Hannibal asks, hand running through his unkempt hair.

"Yes, follow me." The doctor says.

Once in the room with Will, Hannibal sits down at his side, taking the man's hand in his own. He hates feeling so useless, unable to do anything but wait for Will to wake up. Sure, the doctor thinks Will is going to be alright, but how can they be sure? Hannibal doesn't stop them when the tears fill his eyes and spill over onto his cheeks.

After

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up and gets some shocking news about Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will regains consciousness, the first thing he hears is rhythmic beeping. Before he opens his eyes, he doesn't know where he is. He remembers taking the pills and the morphine, feeling like he was dying… then nothing. He'd thought it had worked, but regaining consciousness, feeling the choking weight of a tube down his throat has him quickly realizing he didn't succeed. The heart monitor starts beeping more rapidly as he begins to struggle, tears leaking from his eyes and down his cheeks. He is unable to call for help and unable to move because his wrists are restrained. He's in the hospital. He has no idea how long he's been here and he doesn't know where Hannibal is. That's the thought that distresses him the most. All he wants to do is see the other man, but the only person coming into his hospital room is the doctor.

They remove the tube but leave the restraints. He's under a psychiatric hold for his suicide attempt. He doesn't try and tell them it wasn't suicide because it was—he'd wanted to die, though he's not sure he does now. It feels like a second chance.

"How—how long have I been under?" Will rasps, voice rough from disuse.

"A little over a week," The doctor answers. "There are some people anxious to see you. Can they come in?"

Will's heart leaps at that, hoping it's Hannibal. His hopes are quickly dashed when it is only Jack, Beverly, and Alana. Will's face falls further when he clocks Jack's solemn face and Beverly's sympathetic smile. Alana stands behind, face uncharacteristically stoic. They must have bad news, Will surmises.

"Where's—where's Hannibal?" Will asks, trying and failing to keep his voice from cracking.

Alana steps up to him, now with a frown on her face. "He's been arrested and is currently being housed in the BSHCI."

"What?! Why?" Will asks, confused. If Hannibal has been arrested, why hasn't he?

"We determined pretty quickly after your attempt that Hannibal was involved in the death of Alexander Volkov. We interrogated him and he admitted to his murder, as well as several others. We have every reason to believe he is the Chesapeake Ripper." Jack explains.

“I can’t believe this,” Will says, shaking his head.

He wants to ask how they figured it out, why isn’t he a suspect too, and when he can go see Hannibal. In his head, he’s already trying to figure out a way to get Hannibal out. Maybe if he commits a ripper kill, they’ll release Hannibal thinking he can’t be the ripper? Nobody else seems as bothered by Hannibal’s arrest and he wants to be angry at them. But he’s so tired.

“Will, why did you do it? Why did you try to kill yourself?” Beverly asks, arms folded across her chest, cutting right to the chase.

“I—I wasn’t handling my trauma very well,” Will says. It’s not necessarily a lie, considering murderous revenge in response to a traumatic event *would* be considered a poor response.

“You could’ve talked to us,” Alana says.

“I was talking to Hannibal since he was… there with me. It was helping, but it was still too much.” Will admits.

He doesn’t mention how vindicated he felt after killing those men, nor does he mention how Hannibal and his relationship had evolved since the assault. If they don’t know his relationship with Hannibal was more than friendly, he’d like to keep it that way. He wants to be able to visit Hannibal once he’s out of here.

“Do you know how long they intend to keep me here?” Will asks, looking at Jack.

“You’ll likely be discharged tomorrow, but they are recommended a 72-hour psych hold after that and I’m afraid I must insist.”

Will looks down, knowing how it all must look. He did try to kill himself, after all. He nods his head in acknowledgement. Sometime later, they all file out of his room, promising to be back the next day. Will is left with his own thoughts and an occasional nurse coming in to check his vitals and help him use the bathroom, since he is still restrained.

Once they get him to the psychiatric floor, they remove the restraints, give him a pair of itchy scrubs that look like a prison jumpsuit and show him to his room that lacks a modicum of privacy. He doesn’t think about the full body search they do before that. Hands in places he doesn’t want them, eyes scrutinizing his body, he thinks. Like they can see the dirt there, they must know how truly fucked up he is. The nurses were only doing their jobs, he reminds himself. It doesn’t matter that he feels violated all over again.

Settling into his room that lacks all basic creature comforts, he’s reminded of how much he misses Hannibal. He misses the man so much it feels like he’s choking. He has no privacy here, and finds it ironically humorous how many precautions they take to ensure nobody kills themselves here. None of it will help someone who really wants to die. They’ll just do it when they get out. What’s the point in prolonging their suffering in this way? *When did he become so cynical?*

“Group therapy is at 8am and 5pm, individual therapy is at 2pm. Meals are at 7am, 12pm, and 6pm.” The nurse tells him as he lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling. “Sit up, and take your medication.”

“My medication? I’m not on anything.” Will says, surprised.

“The ward psychiatrist wants you to take this. It’s an antidepressant. Sertraline.” She says.

“Alright,” He acquiesces, not feeling like an antidepressant is worth an argument with a nurse who has no say in what he’s prescribed.

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“How is Will?” Hannibal asks from behind the plexiglass cage they’ve locked him in like an animal.

“He’s awake and he’s going to be fine. They put him on a 72-hour psych hold.” Alana says, lips pursed.

“Thank you, Alana.” Hannibal replies.

He knows anything they give him now is a privilege and he’d have traded everything just to know Will is okay. His paltry cell does have some creature comforts—they’d provided him with a table and art supplies, enough books to rival a library and even a semi-private toilet. Nothing compared to his own home where he could cook to his heart’s content and peruse his vast book collection. More importantly, the place where he and Will spent their time, pressed together in bed exchanging languid kisses and longing touches. His cock twitches at the thought of Will’s lithe body against his own, but he ignores it knowing there are cameras pointed at him at all times.

Hannibal sighs to himself. He misses Will immensely. More than he thought he was capable of. He wonders if anyone has told Will where he is. Did they tell him Hannibal had turned himself in? Would Will know he did it to remove suspicion from him? Hannibal gave away his freedom for his love and he hopes it is worth it. Will’s brilliant mind needs to be out there, solving cases, rescuing dogs. Not stuck in here to rot away, into nothing but a shell of his former self. Hannibal can live well here, inside the halls of his memory palace, strolling the rooms, hand intertwined with Will’s. Closing his eyes, that’s where he goes. He shows Will all of his favorite sights in Florence.

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Will *hates* being in the psych ward. If he wasn’t crazy when he arrived, he’s crazy now. A man by the name of Brandon latched onto him the first day, telling Will all about what landed him here. The man even tried kissing Will, grabbing his ass and pushing him against the wall. Will kneed him in the crotch in defense, leaving him whining on the ground. Having seen what happened, Will was not reprimanded but that left him questioning just *how far* they would have let it go.

He makes his way through therapy, saying all the right words, putting on the right face for the others and his therapist. He's very good at pretending to be okay he finds because they release him right at the 72-hour mark. When he leaves, it's Alana waiting out front to take him home.

"Do you think I would be able to visit Hannibal?" Will decides to ask.

"Maybe, but you'd have to clear it with Fredrick." She says.

Fredrick. He groans internally at the man's name. He hopes Hannibal isn't being tormented by the man. There's no way Fredrick would allow Will anywhere near Hannibal, he thinks.

After arriving at his home in Wolf Trap and thanking Alana for watching his dogs and bringing him home, he decides to call Jack. He wants to know how Hannibal got arrested—though he already knows how. Hannibal would have only gotten caught if he had wanted to be caught, so the real question is *why* did he allow himself to be caught?

He has to see Hannibal, but Fredrick says no. Immediately—as soon as Will calls him, he says no. And that he doesn't care why. The idea of never seeing Hannibal again makes him feel like the walls are closing around him and that all the oxygen is being forcefully pulled out of his lungs. If this is his life now, one without Hannibal, he thinks he might attempt suicide again. Or, he could find a way to see Hannibal—whatever it takes. He wonders if being inside the BSHCI would make it easier or if it would just put more doors between them. Turning himself in, negating what Hannibal likely did for him wouldn't be wise.

Will can feel his grasp on reality fading, he's spiraling. He doesn't know how to breathe without Hannibal. *When did he get so attached?* He's fallen hard—so hard he's hit rock bottom and it feels like he's broken every bone in his body. With no one there except his dogs, he cries. He sobs loudly, not even trying to hide it. He can feel his heart physically breaking, and the pain is excruciating. His cries turn into wails, his heart turning into an empty hole, threatening to suck his entire being inside.

He drinks half a bottle of whiskey, knowing if he continues down the path he was on, he'd try to kill himself again and he can't do that to Hannibal. So instead, he gets trashed and passes out on his bed, Winston at his side. He doesn't dream and wakes up immensely hung over. Jack had told him to take the week off and Will wasn't going to argue, though nobody in the BAU knows how much Hannibal's arrest has impacted him. If they knew the scope of his influence, they'd be concerned about Will for an entirely different—but logical—reason.

Once he gets up and downs some aspirin, he sits back down on his bed and pulls out his laptop. He wants to see what's been posted to TattleCrime on Hannibal's arrest. He's not surprised to see the headline.

'Hannibal the Cannibal' it reads. Tasteless as always, Freddie. He thinks bitterly. He skims the article, since most of it reads like the tabloids, but he does stop near the end. A trial date has been set for Hannibal. They want to determine if he's insane and fit to stand trial.

He has a trial date. With this new information everything seems more real and Will knows what he has to do. He doesn't know if it'll work—but he has to try. For Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

I think Will could be written as having borderline personality disorder and Hannibal as his favorite person but I am not sure I am the one best equipped to do that lol

Breakout

Chapter Summary

Will's plan is put into action.

Will feels a suffocating sense of urgency in the weeks leading up to Hannibal's trial. He has his plan in place, and it's a long shot but he's going to do everything he can. He still hasn't been able to see Hannibal and it's slowly driving him mad, he's sure. Jack doesn't call him anymore and Will is thankful for that, and everyone else has stopped checking up on him. He finds it humorous that it only lasted for a couple of weeks. He knew he didn't have any real friends.

Breaking into Hannibal's house a few days before he plans to get Hannibal out of the BSHCI, he finds what he's looking for. He'd always suspected Hannibal would have an escape plan in place, and he's pleasantly surprised that it's clear Will was to be included. He finds fake passports and other identification not only for Hannibal but for himself. Once Hannibal is out, they can leave the country.

Later that evening, Will sits in his home in Wolf Trap, milling over the blueprints for the BSHCI, and waits for a call from Chiyoh. He'd found her information in Hannibal's things earlier in the day. When he called her, she was hesitant, but eventually agreed to help him. She has always tried to look out for Hannibal and wants to see him free.

Instead of a phone call, he gets a knock on the door. She's arrived at his home, and he stops for a moment confused because he definitely didn't give her his address. He shrugs it off, as all the more reason she will be a valuable asset in a prison break.

"So, how do you know Hannibal?" She asks.

"We are…" *are they dating? He thinks.* "Close friends." He settles on.

"That can't be true. Hannibal doesn't have friends." She retorts.

"We know each other… intimately." Will divulges.

"Ah," She says, understanding on her face.

They discuss the plan. Will knows everyone will suspect him of the crime when Hannibal is out, so there's no need to try and conceal his identity. They'll be leaving the country anyway. Armed with the shift change schedule and copious amounts of sedatives, they get into Will's Volvo and head to the hospital.

Chiyoh gets out of the car before they get to the gate to set up her rifle, equipped with sedative darts instead of bullets, to take out the guard monitoring the gate. As Will drives up, the guard turns to ask for ID when Chiyoh places a shot right into his neck, causing him to fall to the ground unconscious. Will gets out of his car and opens the gate for himself, driving inside. Chiyoh moves from her place in the nearby trees to join Will.

Their plan is one that relies heavily on being undetected, so Chiyoh goes toward the security room and disables all the cameras as well as dispatches the security guard there. She pulls out her walkie and tells Will he's in the clear, so he makes his way down the corridor to find Hannibal. Will sedates several orderlies, careful not to injure them. He wants to get Hannibal out, but he doesn't want to kill anyone in the process. Chiyoh thought his care was unnecessary but eventually agreed to his terms.

Will finds the right door and it leads him down a hallway where he finds Hannibal, inside his plexiglass cage like a zoo animal.

"Hannibal," Will gasps.

The man looks tired, and exposed. In a thin prison jumpsuit he looks smaller than Will remembers. His three piece suits always worn like an armor to the outside world. His face brightens in surprise when he sees Will.

"Will? What are you doing here?" Hannibal asks, walking towards the glass.

"I'm getting you out." Will answers.

"Well this is a surprising turn of events." Hannibal says as Will opens the door to his cell.

"We have to go. We can talk later." Will says, taking Hannibal's hand and pulling him along.

They rush out of the building where two security guards have met up to find them, but they don't see Will and Hannibal before Chiyoh shoots them with tranquilizer darts and they fall to the ground.

"Is it Chiyoh with you?" Hannibal asks, impressed.

Will nods as they get into his car, Chiyoh not far behind. Once everyone is inside the vehicle, Will speeds off away from the hospital, Baltimore, Wolf Trap, and everything he's ever known. He feels sick thinking about his dogs and wishes they were with him, but he knows Alana will take care of them. Will threw his phone out of the vehicle as they left the hospital so there's nothing on them that can be tracked. He'd already cleaned out his bank account so he has enough cash for them to get by on for now.

"We're heading to my home on the bluff, yes?" Hannibal asks from the passenger seat.

"For now, but then we're leaving the country." Will answers.

He doesn't know where they're going to go. Somewhere in Europe? Or Cuba? Will has always wanted to live somewhere warm.

It takes them a few hours to get to the house on the bluff, and Will is surprised at it. It's sleek and modern in a way his home in Baltimore was not. Chiyoh leaves them after that to procure burner cellphones for each of them.

"God, I've missed you." Will says, now that he and Hannibal are alone.

"I've missed you as well, my cunning boy." Hannibal answers, cupping Will's chin softly and pulling him into a kiss.

Will kisses back desperately. He hadn't realized just how much he'd missed Hannibal until he feels his body against his own. He moans into the kiss, pulling Hannibal as close to him as he possibly can. Will's fingers shake in anticipation, undoing the buttons on Hannibal's jumpsuit quickly. Hannibal assists and soon steps out of the clothing, leaving it discarded on the floor. Hannibal undresses Will next, unbuttoning his green flannel and pushing off his shoulders revealing the lovely skin underneath.

Hannibal's lips find Will's collar bone, kissing along it and up his neck, biting and kissing his was to Will's mouth once more. He takes Will's bottom lip in his mouth and bites down gently, eliciting a moan from Will who involuntarily cants his hips up in search of friction. Will whines in pleasure when Hannibal's hand palms his erection through his jeans.

"Off," Hannibal commands, motioning to Will's pants. Will nods feverishly, pulling them off quickly. "The boxers, too."

Will finds that he likes being told what to do, and gladly pulls the garment off as well, leaving his completely naked, cock half-hard against his leg. Hannibal steps back, looking his boy over. He wants to positively ravish him, but decides he will take it slow, making will come apart piece by piece. He sheds his own boxers now to match Will's state of undress and picks him up, carrying him to the bedroom. He notes unhappily that Will seems to have lost weight.

With Will lying sprawled on the bed, cheeks flushed with arousal, he waits and watches Hannibal. Hannibal climbs on the bed, crawling on top of Will, who spreads his legs allowing Hannibal to slot himself between them. Hannibal kisses him again, acutely aware of Will's erection as well as his own. He can feel the heat of Will's so very close to his skin. It takes some self control not to grind his cock into Will's.

"Hannibal, please," Will whimpers, attempting to thrust upward for friction.

"Patience," Hannibal chides, making Will's hips still.

Hannibal sits up, stroking his own cock while Will watches, unmoving.

"What do you want, Will?" Hannibal asks.

"I want to feel you. Inside me. *Please*," Will begs.

Hannibal nods, leaning back down to take one of Will's nipples in his mouth, sucking gently. Will sighs at the feeling, it's nice, but his cock is *begging* to be touched. Will squirms,

placing his hands on Hannibal's shoulders to ground himself, but instead he finds himself pushing the man down. Hannibal quickly gets the idea and levels himself with Will's leaking cock. He takes the head in his mouth, swirling his tongue around the head to taste the precum there. Listening to Will's pleasured sighs pleases Hannibal so much he thinks he himself could orgasm from this alone.

Taking Will's cock all the way into his mouth, he sucks diligently for several seconds before coming off his cock and moving further down. Will looks at him in confusion but throws his head back once again once he feels Hannibal's hot tongue on his hole. The high pitched whine Will releases tells Hannibal he has likely never experienced this before. Will unconsciously pushes himself down to get Hannibal's tongue inside him more, his moans continuing.

Stopping the ministrations with his tongue, Hannibal asks Will, "are you ready for me to open you up?"

"Yes, yes *please*," Will begs.

Hannibal grabs the tube of lubrication from the bedside table and coats his fingers with it. He begins with one finger, slowly inserting it to the last knuckle, listening to Wills sighs and groans carefully.

"Are you alright?" He asks once the finger is inside completely.

"Yes," Will pauses, "jus' a little uncomfortable," He mutters.

Hannibal continues, trusting Will to tell him if he wishes to stop. He adds a second finger and curls them upwards, searching for the prostate. It only takes a moment before he finds it and applies gentle pressure there.

Will moans, feeling the electricity shoot through his cock. It's a foreign feeling and not something he'd often tried to do to himself. But with Hannibal's skilled fingers, it feels like being on cloud 9. Will squirms helplessly at the pleasure, and doesn't even notice when Hannibal adds a third finger. He grunts when Hannibal begins scissoring him open but the discomfort subsides quickly.

"Are you ready?" Hannibal asks, taking his fingers out.

"Yes," Will moans at the loss.

Hannibal applies more lube to his cock and strokes it to full hardness before lining himself up with Will's hole. As he inserts the head, Will breathes in sharply, not in pain but in some discomfort. Hannibal moves slowly until he's seated himself inside completely.

Will can't help but let his mind wander to the last time they did this. Hannibal doing his best to prepare Will, but it wasn't enough and the pain was excruciating. He remembers feeling violated and dirty. Thinking he would never be able to look at Hannibal again.

"Will? Mylimasis, are you alright?" Hannibal asks, seeing Will's eyes glaze over.

“Hmmm, yes. I’m alright.” Will says, coming back to himself. Hannibal is inside him, unmoving. “My mind was just… wandering a bit.”

“Are you sure you’re okay? We don’t have to keep going.” Hannibal assures him.

“I’m fine, I want to do this Hannibal, *please*.” Will urges.

Hannibal begins moving, slow thrusts at first until Will fully relaxes and then he picks up the pace, maneuvering them so he hits Will’s prostate with almost every thrust. Soon, Will is a trembling mess, so lost in the throes of pleasure he doesn’t even remember his own name. He teeters on the edge of orgasm for what feels like ages, not knowing Hannibal can tell when he gets close and alters his thrusts to move away from his prostate. Purely for selfish reasons, of course. He loves the way his boy looks when he’s like this.

Feeling his own orgasm building, Hannibal decides to stop toying with Will, adjusting his thrusts to once again hit his prostate. To help, he also reaches a hand between them and begins stroking Will’s cock in time with his thrusts. It only takes a few moments before Will orgasms with a moan, finishing all over Hannibal’s hand and their stomachs. Hannibal thrusts quickly, chasing his own orgasm. He finishes inside Will, who feels Hannibal’s cock pulsate as he orgasms. Will groans at the sensation thinking about how much he enjoys it and how it will feel to have Hannibal’s come leaking out of him afterwards.

“I love you.” Will says when Hannibal pulls out.

“And I love you.” Hannibal responds, smiling.

“I couldn’t imagine my life without you. When they told me what had happened when I woke up, I thought I was going to be sick. I’d considered emulating a ripper murder to try and remove suspicion from you, but you were too thorough in your confession. I knew the only way I could be with you again was to get you out, by whatever means necessary.” Will explains.

“What a remarkable boy you are.” Hannibal praises him as they hold one another close, reveling in the post orgasm bliss.

They have a lot to figure out. Where do they go from here? What do they do once they get there? How will they make sure they aren’t recognized and caught? The logistics of it all seem utterly unimportant right now, since they are together again. They’ll figure it all out in time.

End Notes

I’m on Tumblr!
https://hannibalsbirthdaycake.tumblr.com/

And will consider doing requests!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!